

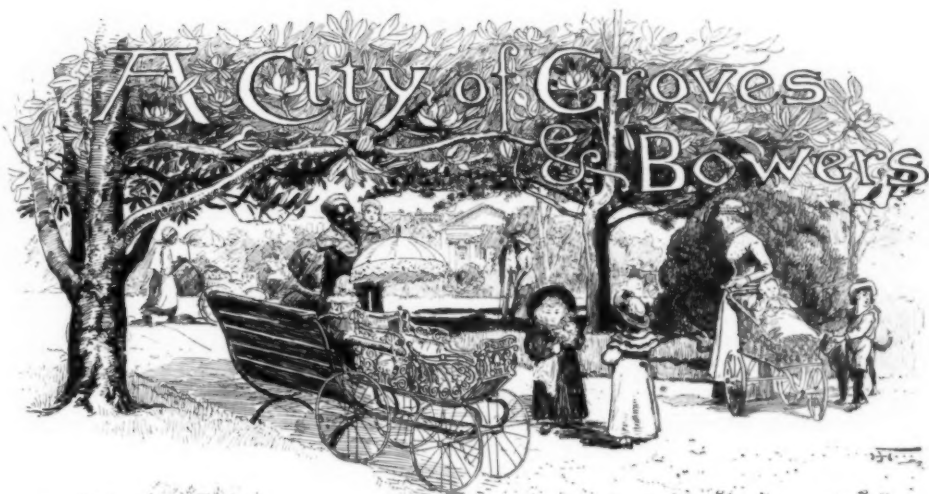
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By Frances Hodgson Burnett.



ONE sees so many cities in so many different countries, but one never sees another city that is really like it.

A curious spell rests upon it. It is the city

of the springtime, and yet its life is almost entirely lived in the winter. In October and November the people who disappeared in May, as

if by magic, begin to return as if the same magic had called them back again. Houses begin to open, showing bright draperies and flowers in their windows, and servants about their doors; the streets begin to fill, the shops to wear brighter aspects; the hotels have a stirring air; carriages stand before doorways and bowl about the streets, the people in them seeming to know each other and exchanging welcoming greetings as they pass and repass. They nearly all do know each other. They went to each other's dinner-parties and balls and afternoon teas the past season, before the magic dispersed them,

and they will go to them again now that it has once more called them together. But it is not of this aspect of the city that I am going to speak.

Every one knows that on a certain hill which looks down upon the city there is a majestic white marble building upon whose stately dome a Goddess of Liberty stands poised, and that on the first Monday of each December the magic calls together within its walls a certain number of men chosen by the voice of their country as fitted to hold in their hands the fates and fortunes of a great nation. Every one knows that when the flags fly from the Capitol Congress is in session; that when the dome glows out upon the darkness the work of the nation is being done by night; that while this work is being done, life in Washington is at its flood-tide, and that when it is finished for the year, the tide turns and is at ebb until it begins again.

There is upon Pennsylvania Avenue, among a number of buildings all more or less noble in proportion and architecture, a large, rather dignified, though unelaborate house standing in its own spacious grounds. Its dignity perhaps consists in its well-sized, unmeretricious air. It is not a palace, and it seems not to feel it necessary to be one; it is not a castle, and one is rather pleased that it has not attempted a castellated air; it is the White House, and the man who lives in it is by the decision of the people the ruler of sixty millions of thinking, working, planning human beings.

In the guide-books one can read how many feet high the dome of the Capitol is, how large the Treasury, the Army and Navy Departments, the Pension Office, the Agricultural Department, and the Post Office are; but I think perhaps some boy or girl who knew nothing of these things might best describe the charms of the City of Groves and Bowers.

It must seem charming to a small creature who knows only the bright side of all the things that happen in it and belong to it.

To get up in the morning, if one is only six or seven, in a pretty nursery whose windows look out on a broad, clean, smooth avenue, with picturesque houses, and bands of green on either side, must be very nice. Even in the winter the sky is nearly always blue and the sun

is so often shining that, though the double rows of trees are bare, they look pretty with their branches against the background of the sky, promising loveliness for the spring, and thick shade and room for birds when summer comes.

If there is snow, they look beautiful with the soft white fleece clothing them; and when the snow falls off melted, little brown sparrows come and balance upon the twigs and call to each other, and make remarks about the weather and reflections on the hardness of the times and the scarcity of crumbs.

There are so many trees — such rows and rows of them as far as one can see up the avenues and down them, and up and down the streets which cross them — and one's eye can always catch sight somewhere of a green circle or park, where there is a statue of some great man, about whom one can be told a story if one asks questions enough.

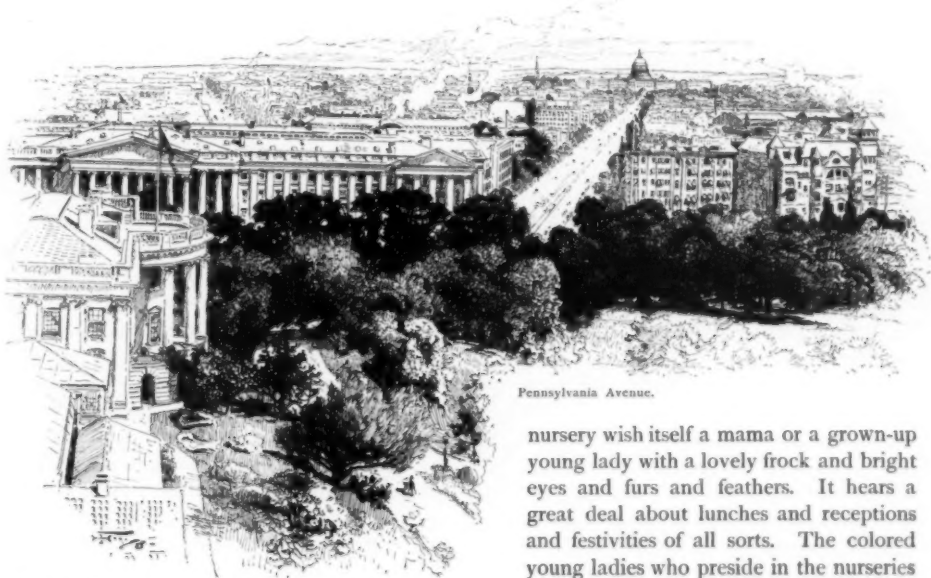
In the morning the streets are quiet, but in the afternoon the carriages begin to roll through them. They all seem to be going somewhere in particular, and they all have ladies in them. To the occupants of the nursery windows in certain quarters covering quite a large area, it must seem that Washington is full of ladies who are always going to parties. In the streets of other cities there are always signs of many other things being done. There are passing people and passing vehicles evidently not going to parties; there are wagons and vans loaded with merchandise of one sort or another; there are shabby or shabby-genteel people going about their anxious business, or roughly dressed working-people going to and from factories or warehouses or machine-shops. This city, which is really like no other, is unlike others in this respect — that there are no manufactories or huge works or shops. The only manufactories are the great white marble building on Capitol Hill, the Treasury, the Pension Office, the Army and Navy Departments, etc., and the work done in them does not necessitate the use of smoking chimneys and furnaces, and the employment of overalls.

The broad, steady stream of people going to their work through Pennsylvania Avenue at nine o'clock in the morning and returning from it at four in the afternoon, is a stream of hu-

manity well dressed, well bred, and respectable. It is leisurely and looks comfortable whether it is so or not. The crowds which surge through London thoroughfares on bank holidays are not nearly so well clad and agreeable to contemplate, even though they are not going to work, but are on festive plans intent. But they do not live in a city of groves and bowers, and they work and live much harder.

The only people one sees in rags or asking alms are occasional negroes; and they are very

another. Inside there are to be seen ladies in lovely hats and bonnets. There are mamas in brocades and velvets and furs, and there are pretty slim girls in silks and velvets and soft feathers. They are going to make calls, to attend musicales or receptions or special afternoon teas, where they will meet scores of other mamas and pretty girls, and will talk and drink chocolate and nibble cakes or listen to some music, and then return to the carriage and roll away to another party. It makes the



The White House.

The Treasury Building.

VIEW TOWARD THE CAPITOL FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

rare, and usually look rather as if their profession were a matter of preference. Of palpable, hopeless wretchedness one sees nothing.

There are no tall factory chimneys pouring forth smoke to tarnish the blue sky and the white clouds floating upon it. It is rarely very cold, and dull skies are so uncommon that one feels one's self almost injured in one's surprise at two or three gray days.

Through the nursery windows the childish eyes see only bright and amusing things. They must really be very well worth looking at from a nursery point of view—in fact, they must seem brilliant. The carriages roll by one after

nursery wish itself a mama or a grown-up young lady with a lovely frock and bright eyes and furs and feathers. It hears a great deal about lunches and receptions and festivities of all sorts. The colored young ladies who preside in the nurseries frequently know a great deal of the doings of the party-going world. They are able

to describe the grandeurs of the Army and Navy Reception at the White House, and they can often give information as to the floral decorations at the reception of the Secretary of State.

It must be an exciting event for the nursery windows when an awning is erected next door. Then one sees many flowers carried in, palms and blooming things and numberless interesting packages and boxes. Carriages begin to drive up by the score, and when their doors are opened wonderful and beautiful personages descend, and the awning swallows them up. There are possible views of resplendent Chinese ministers and officials in embroidered satin

robes. "There 's the Secretary of War," says the nursemaid. "There 's the Russian Minister. That 's the beautiful young lady from out West that everybody 's talking about 'cos she 's so rich and handsome. There 's the senator that owns a silver-mine."

One might easily imagine it suggesting Cinderella's ball to the small watcher at the window. The constant driving up of the carriages, the accumulating rows of them gradually filling the street, the strains of music fitfully heard, might well suggest that after it was all over there might be found somewhere a small glass slipper, even though the festivity is not a ball or given at midnight.

So it is more than possible that, in the winter, Washington seems to young, untired eyes a sort of enchanted city with a habit of enjoying itself perpetually; but it is in the spring that it shows its rarest enchantment, and blooms out day by day into the City of Groves and Bowers.

The trees are all there in the winter, the grass is all there, the green of the parks and squares is there; but they are waiting for the days when there are fewer parties, when the carriages roll by less frequently, and there is less to be seen by the watchers who look from the windows.

Then—even in February—there come some wonderful days among the cold ones. They are like young daffodils scattered upon a garden covered with snow. Suddenly there is a strange, delicious softness in the air, the sunshine is clearer golden, one lifts one's face and looks, with tender hopefulness and forgetfulness of things of earth, into the bright, flower-like lovely blue. Perhaps yesterday was wet and cold, but to-day it seems to be impossible to believe that cold and rain were not done with weeks ago, or that they can ever come again. One begins to think that the bands of grass which border the pavements, and the trim banks and lawns before the houses, are of a livelier green. It is natural as one passes under the branches of the trees to look eagerly for little pale-colored things pushing out in tight buds. In March these days scatter themselves rather more thickly among the cold ones, and one has unduly sanguine moments when one would scarcely be surprised by any unheard-of

thing in the way of weather or growth. The tight little buds are pushing everywhere, and some of them are visibly plumper every day. In Lafayette Square, in Franklin Square, in Dupont Circle, and in fact in all the pretty parks and inclosures, one sees a certain bushy shrub which, instead of waiting for its leaves, has actually begun to clothe itself in yellow blossoms. Its slender, bending twigs are covered from root to tip. It is a lovely, lovable, eager thing, and seems almost to send out its flowers to call for the spring instead of waiting until the spring calls for them. One sniffs the fresh, cold air in damp days, because it has in it the scent of things growing; one draws it in with still greater eagerness in the soft, sunny ones, because there is in it the scent of these same growing things stirred and warm.

The birds who alight on the trees where the tight buds are showing touches of green, linger and twitter more. They talk about nests, and mention their tastes in the matter of situation. There is so much choice in the matter of situation that it must be almost confusing. If you are a Washington bird, you can have a nest on any avenue or street you like, and the parks provide accommodations which seem unlimited.

Perhaps they say to each other things like these:

"I must say I find Massachusetts Avenue most desirable," one bird might remark. "It is broad and quiet, and the society is good. The style of tree suits me. I prefer linden for the young. I consider the odor of the blossom good for infant digestion."

"But Sixteenth street has tulip-trees," another would observe; "and it does entertain them so to see the blossoms unfolding. The nest is really quite peaceful in blooming-time."

"Well, perhaps I am old-fashioned," a third might twitter. "I dare say I am; but give me a good shady maple. I have engaged a nice leafy branch in one on Connecticut Avenue."

"Of course I am only a bride," I am sure some other would chirp coyly; "and you may think me foolish and sentimental. I have just begged Robin to decide on one of those beautiful flowering trees in Lafayette Square. I think it would be so lovely to sit and twitter to each other among all the soft white blooms

on moonlight nights. They seem so bridal and suitable to honeymoons."

All through March the lovely days are coming and going, and each one is warmer than the last and does something new.

In the squares there are afternoons when baby-carriages accumulate, and small things of all sizes totter or run about. Smart colored nurses begin to sit on the benches and talk to each other and watch their charges. On the branches over their heads there are tender green leaves instead of tight buds, and they are opening and spreading every hour.

Early in April one looks up and down streets and avenues, through lines of delicate pale greenness. Little black or yellow boys begin to appear with bunches of arbutus tied tightly together, and offered for sale at ten cents each. On the mounds about the statues in the circles there are beds of crocuses, which later change by magic into tulips and hyacinths and adorable things that fill the air with perfume.

As the days go on, the greenness grows and grows, and it is so fresh and exquisite that one becomes intoxicated with the mere seeing and breathing so much of the life of spring, and can think of nothing else. People who go out to walk compare the leaves on the different thoroughfares, and return to talk about them.

"Are the lindens a little slow this year?" one says; "or are the tulip-trees always earlier? They are beginning to be quite full on Sixteenth street."

In the grass near the railing surrounding the grounds of the White House, purple and yellow crocuses seem to spring up wild. They look as if they belonged to the woods.

Soon the little colored boys have larger bunches of arbutus, and bunches of wild violets and pale blue starry things. They have gathered them in the woods about Rock Creek. The sun grows warmer, the rain that comes is delicious; there are more and more leaves on every side; in the parks there are hyacinths and crocuses and scarlet japonicas and new things making buds for blossoms on trees one does not expect flowers from. And then some morning—somehow it always seems quite suddenly—people, getting up, look out of their windows, and all the world is Spring, the very

Spring itself. From a second or third story one looks down upon a forest—not a city, but a forest. It would be easy to pretend that it was an enchanted forest which some fairy had caused to flourish in the midst of a city, or an enchanted city which had been made to arise within the labyrinths of a forest. Trees are everywhere, and whichever way one turns it is to look down vistas of them—broad, beautiful vistas whose straight lengths seem to close in fresh, luxuriant greenery. In the narrower streets the branches almost spread from side to side, and one walks under an archway of leaves.

It seems almost impossible to believe that one is in a town. The plan of the city gives so many vistas of green. A person standing in one of the circles sees in the center a statue with flower-beds brilliant at its base. From east to west this circle is crossed by one of the streets whose names are the letters of the alphabet, from north to south by one of those whose names are numbers; diagonally it is crossed by avenues bearing the names of States; and as each of these is bordered by one or two rows of trees,—from east to west, from north to south, and diagonally,—the eyes follow the course of groves of linden, maple, tulip, sycamore, or poplar.

Within short distances of each other are the bower-like squares which contain such blossoming as one seems to see nowhere else. It is not merely a matter of planted flowers or blooming shrubs. There are trees loaded with blossoms. They are not fruit-trees, but trees which bear burdens of flowers which seem, some of them, like specially sumptuous full-petaled apple or plum or peach blossom, or a splendid kind of English may.

The bowers are full of children by this time. Their nurses sit looking at them; their little carriages are drawn up at the sides of the walks. In some of these carriages, under swinging lace-covered parasols, tiny soft mites, not much older than the flowers, lie sleeping among downy white wraps and lace. They are part of the springtime. Small persons—very small ones in quaint hats and bonnets, and coats which seem much too long for them and give them a picturesque air of ancients—toddle about and

tumble on the grass, and carefully pick up blossoms which have fallen from the trees, and — probably after sitting down with unsteady suddenness — proceed to examine them with a serious air of botanical studiousness usually losing itself in an earnest endeavor to cram them into a small, dewy red mouth.

They are very pretty as they run or tumble or totter about — these little springtime things. Sometimes one sees a small one standing under a tree and looking up, wonderingly and rather questioningly, into the world of snowy or pink-and-white bloom above. It is so little, and it sees a great sky of lovely flowers over its head. Through this flower sky there are glimpses of a sky of blue; fallen blossoms are at its feet; flowers are blooming all about it in the bower it plays in. It is taken home through groves of greenery; it looks out on a fair forest when it awakens. It thinks the world is made of fresh leaves and pinky-white blossoms, and as it looks up into the branches of bloom its snowy petal of a soul is full of the joy of living.

And to the one who is taken for drives on these bright and blooming days, this leafy, flowery world must seem a boundless one. After the avenues and parks are left behind, one bowls along country roads where there is more greenery still. Oh, the soft hills and dips of land covered with trees all busy attiring themselves in pale green veils and wreaths, because the Spring is passing softly by, whispering to each one of them!

"You are a maple," perhaps she whispers to one. "You must put out little red, velvet leaves—tiny ones, thick and soft, and wonderful. At first each one must be almost like a strange little flower."

And to another:

"You are a linden. You must make little blooming green tassels which delicately scent the air. As people pass under you they must say, 'How sweet the linden is!'"

And to the tangles of bare briars:

"You must begin to work industriously, because you have so much to do. First, you must put out fresh green leaves until you are a waving garland. And then you know you have to star yourself all over with white blossoms. And by the autumn you must be weighed over

with plump, juicy blackberries for the children to come and gather and laugh over, and stain their little mouths and hands and aprons with. You have no time to lose. You have a great deal to do."

And to the dogwood:

"Awake! awake! You are the beautiful wild white princess of the woods. Among all the beautiful things I give the world, you are one of the most beautiful. Cover yourself all over—to the end of every branch and twig of you—with large-petaled snow-white flowers. You must bloom until you stand out amongst the other trees like a splendid white spirit of spring, when the soft wind shakes you, and the sun shines through your boughs. All your work is done in the springtime. In the summer you have only to be green; in the autumn you must be a lovely red, it is true; but now you must be so beautiful that people will cry out with joy when they catch sight of you."

And so they do. The children of the City of Groves and Bowers come back from their walks and drives in the country with great white branches over their shoulders. Some of them walk, some drive out to the beautiful Rock Creek, where trees grow close up hill and down dale, and where blue violets and anemones and other white and pink and purple things clamber down the banks and slopes to the water's edge.

And then there is the Soldiers' Home, where there are woods again, and flowers, wild and tame, and ivy climbing over walls and bridges, and ground- and tree-squirrels scampering. And there are beautiful white buildings with all sorts of interesting things connected with them; and there are old soldiers who have been in battles, and who now sit warming themselves in the sun, or walk about slowly, or sit in arbors and smoke pipes and talk—perhaps telling each other thrilling stories about some of the very battles they were in.

"Is that an old soldier?" little boys have asked with breathless interest. "Was he once in battles? Has he been wounded with bullets and cannon-balls?"

And there is the big white hospital where the old soldiers are taken care of when they are ill—when the bullets and cannon-balls are

troublesome, or when they are invalided by maladies less martial. And there are mounds where one can stand and look out over a wide panorama of the country, the river, the woodlands, and the City of Groves and Bowers itself; and in one place, in a road one is always driven through, there is an opening cut through the trees, and there the coachman—if the people are strangers—draws up the carriage and says, "This is the Vista, ladies and gentlemen." And then one looks down the vista of green trees, and at the end of it one sees the far-away white-domed Capitol, a beautiful, stately thing, shining in the sun on its Capitol Hill.

It is a great, lovely, peaceful resting-place for the old soldiers—this one the City of Groves and Bowers has made.

There is a very delightful thing which is one of the springtime events of the bowery city. It is not a social or a political function, and it is an event I have never heard the origin of.

It is the Egg-rolling on Easter Monday.

Easter eggs, colored red and blue and yellow, and adorned with flowers and stripes, are delights known to the children of many countries; but I think it is only in Washington that there exists a custom—which is almost a ceremony—of rolling the brilliantly hued things down grassy slopes by way of festivity.

It strikes one also as being delightfully illustrative of the power of the children's republic that the places chosen as most suitable for these festivities should be the private grounds of the presidential mansion—the White House itself—and the slopes of the grounds which surround the Capitol.

If one wants to roll red and blue and yellow eggs down a sloping lawn, it appears that a little republican sees no reason why he or she should not roll them by the thousand down the

lawn of a President's back garden. The slope is just the one required, and no President so far has been hard-hearted enough to go out on the portico and wave his hand and order the little intruders away; no Mrs. President has ever thrown a shawl over her head and run out to scold them and say she will not allow it.

So every Easter Monday morning there is to be seen an ever-increasing



"SMALL PERSONS TODDLE ABOUT, AND THINK THE WORLD IS MADE OF FRESH LEAVES AND PINKY-WHITE BLOSSOMS."

ing stream of children of various sizes swarming through the streets, all wending their way to the grounds of the White House. There are well-dressed ones attended by their nurses or relatives; there are shabby little ones attended by no one at all; there are some little black ones in a

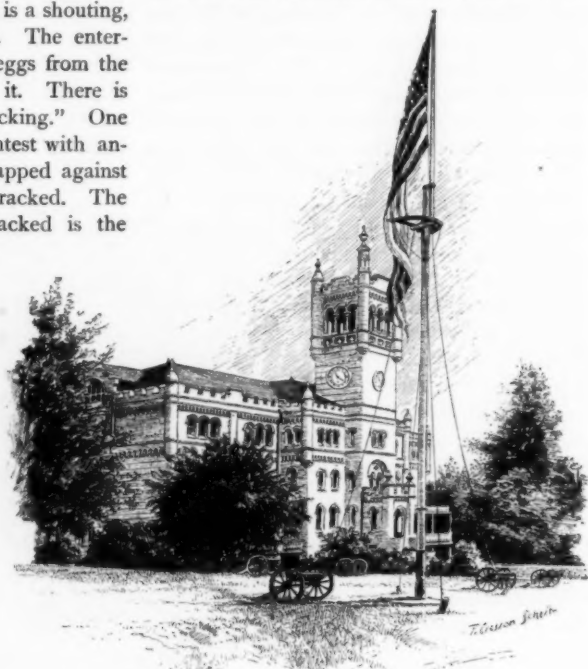
pleasing state of excitement; but everybody has a basket or package with colored eggs in it. A great many also have something which holds a little lunch. There is great excitement and rivalry about the color of the eggs and the number each little person possesses. In a very short time, the President's back garden is a shouting, laughing, romping pandemonium. The entertainment consists in rolling the eggs from the top of the slope to the bottom of it. There is also the exciting sport of "egg-picking." One egg proprietor enters into a contest with another one, in which one egg is tapped against the other until one of the two is cracked. The proprietor whose egg is not cracked is the winner, and the stake won is the broken egg.

Eggs are rolled and "picked," and broken and eaten. When the festivity is over, the President's back garden and the slopes of the Capitol grounds are strewn with fragments of bright-colored egg-shells and bits of paper left for the White House gardeners to pick up, and many little indigestions have gone home and to bed in innocent joyousness and fatigue.

One cannot help wondering what would occur if the same number of little London children decided to go and roll eggs in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Would Her Most Gracious Majesty order out the Horse Guards? Perhaps not, as she has had nine little children of her own, whom she helped in their childhood to be most delightfully happy little persons; but I am afraid she would regard it as rather a liberty.

When the dogwood has withdrawn its white blossoms into private life, as it were; when there are no more violets scrambling up and down the banks of Rock Creek; when the birds in the linden and tulip and maple trees in the avenues have begun active domestic duties, and have family circles in their nests, the City of Groves and Bowers begins to be warm, and also to be deserted. In the summer, if the

weather was not so hot, Washington would be delightful. The leaves grow thicker and thicker upon the thousands of trees; the fountains play in the parks; everybody's windows are open, and through the streets are driven slowly carts of fruit and vegetables, whose appearance and



THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

disappearance record the progress of the summer season. The carts are always driven by colored gentlemen, whose far-reaching sonorous voices proclaim their wares as the cart wanders along. Frequently a colored boy saunters near it on the pavement, shouting also. Sometimes the proprietor himself walks by the languid, sleepy old horse's head. But in any case, as the cavalcade strolls through a street, the inhabitants always hear what is going by.

"Strawbe'ys! Fine fresh strawbe'ys!" is the cry in the early summer. "Strawbe'ys, twenty-fi' cents er box!"

And then, as the days go on, and the fruit is more abundant, there is a decline in price until "strawbe'ys" may be bought at three boxes for "twenty-fi' cents."

And later appear the loads of watermelons. A few years ago a certain vender of watermelons used to be a source of great delight to the two small boys who were the occupants of one particular nursery. He was a colored gentleman of the name of Johnson, and he had a voice to rend the firmament.

"Watermillions—watermillions!" he used to proclaim. "Joe Johnson's watermillions!"

"Red to the rine, an' the rine red too—
Better buy a watermillion while they gwine thoo."

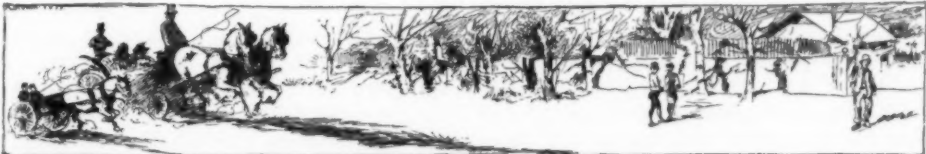
How was this to be resisted on a hot, hot sleepy day?

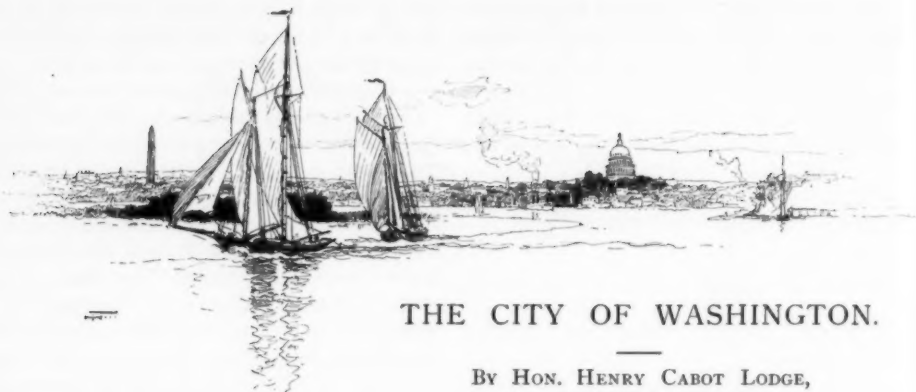
But at this time the majority of the inhabitants is at the seaside or in the mountains, and those who are detained in town find they have grave need of watermelons, and ice, and soda-water.

When, in the autumn, the houses which have been closed during the hot months begin to open their doors, and once more there are small faces at the nursery windows, another Spirit has passed through the groves and bowers and roamed through the country roads and woods, and over the dips and curves, and down to the water's edge at Rock Creek. It has touched every branch and leaf, every vine and woodland bramble, and even the small, humble things which creep about close to the ground in the wild places and among the rocks. It has painted the groves yellow and red and orange and golden brown; to the vines climbing over walls and about windows and doors it has done wonderful things; the bowers are variegated, the flowers in the parks are deep and richly colored or flaming. The avenues and streets are gorgeous, and when, in walking between the brilliant trees one lifts one's face as one did in those mornings of earliest spring, one's eyes

find a touch of deeper blue in the sky. It seems as if so much color, such tints of amber and crimson and orange, could surely never fade out, and that the City of Groves and Bowers must flame like this always. The small human flowers who came with the leaf-buds in the spring, being rolled into Lafayette and Franklin squares again by their nurses, have grown enough to be of the world which is not always softly asleep or vaguely absorbed in bottles with milk in them. They lie in their pretty carriages and stare at the wonderful branches above them. Sometimes they make remarks on the subject of leaves which are quite scarlet. But the nurses and grown-up people think they are simply cooing or gooing, or doing something quite aimless, while really their observations may be most profound. But it is so often the case that great discoverers are not at first understood.

These great discoverers, at least, have made the most of their City of Groves and Bowers. They have seen only the beautiful, the lovable, the adorable things in it. They have not explained to themselves the workings of the Capitol and the Treasury. They have only looked up at the blue above them and at the blossoming boughs and the flaming ones; they have smiled at the flowers and at the tender little breezes which kissed their soft cheeks in hurrying by. And though the flames of color will die down, the breezes will be less tender, and the boughs will drop their leaves and stand bare, yet there is one thing—just one beautiful, joyous thing—of which even older and less untried creatures can be quite, quite *sure*. Whatsoever of sadness, or clouds, or chill, or fading colors the passing year may hold, the Spring will always come again—the Spring will *always* come again!





WASHINGTON, FROM THE POTOMAC RIVER.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

BY HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE,
U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

THOUGH cities are the work of men's hands, they usually are placed where nature dictates. As a rule their place in the world has been determined for them by a great river, a safe harbor, or a sheltered plain. But there are a few instances of cities which owe their being solely to the caprice of man. An arbitrary will bade St. Petersburg rise by the Neva, and created a great capital on the sandy plains of the Spree. These cities were the work of despotic rulers, and yet, curiously enough, the capital of the American republic was likewise the creature of the will of man. When the framers of the Constitution of the United States were engaged in the great work of making a nation out of thirteen jarring States, one of the duties they imposed upon the Congress they then created was the establishment of a capital city for the new government. This subject had been already much discussed under the Confederation, and to this duty, therefore, the new Congress gave immediate attention. It was a burning question, too, because local interests were deeply engaged in it, and thus the site of the future federal city assumed an importance to the States and the people in 1789 which at this time it is difficult to realize. It was in reality a contest between North and South, and it is curious to observe how excited men became over the question whether the new city was to be placed in Pennsylvania or on the borders of Virginia.

It would be tedious to trace in detail, with

its amendments, the history of the bill which was to establish the capital. The North all along had a majority of votes, and after much struggling it began to seem certain that the national capital would go to Pennsylvania.

But it so happened that at that very time another matter was pending in Congress upon which the division of opinion was equally sharp and men's feelings equally bitter. This second question was the bill providing for the payment by the United States of the debts incurred by the several States during the Revolution. The law proposed was one of the great series of financial measures by which Alexander Hamilton bound the States together, and converted the dry clauses of the constitution into living realities. This final measure, so important to the welfare of the country, was on the edge of decisive defeat by a narrow majority, and the votes against it were chiefly Southern votes. Hamilton believed, not without reason, that the continuance of the Government and the fate of the new constitution depended upon the success of this particular law, which was the crown of the series intended to restore our finances. He proposed, therefore, to Jefferson, who had not yet quarreled with him, that if Jefferson would get a few Southern votes for the paying by the government of the State debts, enough Northern votes would be turned over in return to send the capital to the Potomac.

This bargain was carried out. The bill for the payment of the State debts was passed, and

the national capital was placed by the Potomac, on the borders of Maryland and Virginia. The country secured a law which was of immense importance, not only to its financial credit, but to the existence of the Union, while the South gained the site of the capital, which was really a matter of no lasting moment to any one.

The act for the establishment of the city, which resulted from this arrangement, passed on July 10, 1790, and gave the President power to appoint three commissioners, who were to select a site, and take the necessary land between the Potomac and what was known as its Eastern Branch, on the Maryland side, and an

Major L'Enfant, a French officer who had served as one of our allies in the Revolution. So far as the work went, this choice was an excellent one, and L'Enfant produced an admirable plan, on which the city has practically been laid out, and which to-day is a proved success. But, although L'Enfant could plan a city, he could not deal with other men. He was hot-tempered and impatient. He quarreled with the commissioners and with Mr. Carroll, one of the principal land-owners of the neighborhood, and in fact proved an extremely difficult person to get on with. At last he flatly refused to publish his plan, because, he said, speculators



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. (EAST FRONT.)

equal amount opposite on the Virginian side, the whole district thus taken to be ten miles square. So said, so done. The commissioners were appointed and the land taken. Washington, who was in those early stages the controlling mind in the whole affair, took the deepest interest in the selection of the site, and in all that pertained to the new city which was to bear his name and to be built so near his own home.

After the land had been taken, the next step was to secure an engineer to lay out the new capital, and Washington's choice fell upon

would take advantage of it. Thereupon Washington dismissed him, and appointed Andrew Ellicott, who took up the work where L'Enfant dropped it, and very wisely followed as closely as he could the plan of the talented but irritable Frenchman.

This, however, was the least part of the work — a mere preface to what remained to be done. It is comparatively easy to select engineers and to survey land, but the building of a city is a more difficult problem, and takes a good deal of time, as the proverb inculcating

patience tells us in regard to Rome. The territory selected for the new capital when L'Enfant and Ellicott surveyed it was merely a stretch of rather poor farming land, with underlying clay and much surface gravel, which reached from Rock Creek on the west to the Eastern Branch on the east, and was bordered along the south by the Potomac. In all these many acres there were then only two or three scat-

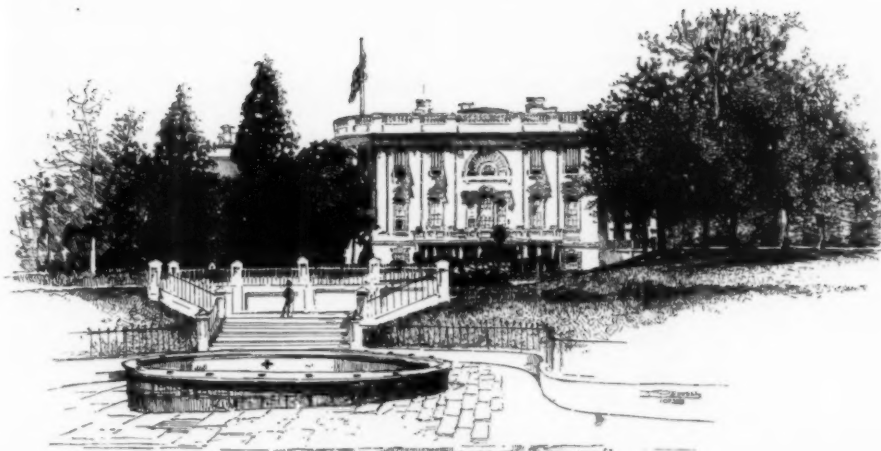
tered farm-houses, with their negro quarters gathered about them. The house of John Burns, one of the principal farmers and land-owners, still stands at the foot of Seventeenth street, below the White House. It looks today, in its desolate old age, little better than a negro shanty, and is entirely overshadowed by the Van Ness house, built later by John Burns's son-in-law. The Van Ness house, too, is old now, but it is large and spacious-looking, and still has about it a certain air of stateliness.

There, then, on rough fields, on this soil of clay and gravel broken by watercourses and showing a good deal of scattered woodland,

the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid with some simple ceremonies, and work upon that and upon the President's house, about a mile to the westward, was started. The architect of the White House was James Hoban, an Irishman, who also superintended the construction of the Capitol, which was built upon the plan of Stephen Hallet, a French architect. The new buildings were pushed as rapidly as possible, for the law demanded that they should be ready for occupancy in 1800; and, accordingly, in October of that year the packet-sloop which bore the records, furniture, and some of the officials of the Government left Philadelphia



THE BUILDING OF THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS.



THE WHITE HOUSE, VIEWED FROM NEAR THE TREASURY.

and duly arrived at the capital. The Cabinet officers and chiefs of departments followed by land in their carriages, and established their offices in some little brick buildings built for that purpose in the neighborhood of the White House, while the one completed wing of the Capitol furnished a meeting-place for Congress, which soon after assembled.

It was a rather dreary place in which to house and establish a government. A few half-finished buildings, dotted about in the fields, and a road little better than a cart-track over the heavy red clay, constituted at that moment the capital city; and the Government officers who were forced to come there looked back

with regret to the comfortable quarters they had left in Philadelphia. We have, fortunately, some descriptions written at the time, which set the scene before us in a very vivid fashion. Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, wrote as follows to his wife on July 4, 1800:

The City of Washington, or at least some part of it, is about forty miles from Baltimore. . . . The Capitol is situated on an eminence which I should suppose was near the centre of the immense country here called the city. It is a mile and a half from the President's House, and three miles on a straight line from Georgetown. There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting; but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live



THE PATENT OFFICE.

like scholars in a college, or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly secluded from society. The only resource for such as wish to live comfortably will, I think, be found in Georgetown, three miles distant over as bad a road in winter as the clay grounds near Hartford.

I have made every exertion to secure good lodgings near the office, but shall be compelled to take them at the distance of more than half a mile. There are in fact but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and, as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other.

of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants.

Mrs. Adams, the wife of the President, a clever woman, a good observer, and a New England housekeeper as well, has also left us a description of the new city :

I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

All the ground for several miles around the city, being in the opinion of the people too valuable to be cultivated, remains unfenced. There are but few inclosures, even for gardens, and those are in bad order. You may look in almost any direction over an extent of ground nearly as large as the city of New York, without seeing a fence or laborers. . . . Greenleaf's Point presents the appearance of a considerable town which had been destroyed by some unusual calamity. There are [there] fifty or sixty spacious houses, five or six of which are occupied by negroes and vagrants, and a few more by decent-looking people; but there are no fences, gardens, nor the least appearance of business. This place is about a mile and a half south of the Capitol.

Of the White House, which in those simpler days was called a palace, he says :

It was built to be looked at by strangers, and will render its occupant an object of ridicule with some, and

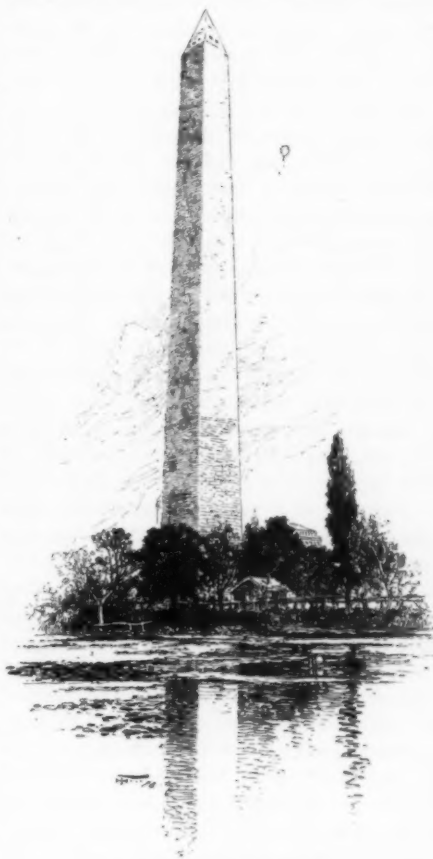
on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city—which is so only in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. If the twelve years in which this place has been considered as the future seat of Government had been improved as they would have been in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of any improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it.

In plain truth, it must have been governing under difficulties to have lived in Washington in the first year of the century. The little village of Georgetown, on the further side of Rock Creek, at the head of tide-water and navigation, was really the only inhabited place within reach. There, or in buildings hastily erected for the purpose, alone could the Government officers find shelter. Most of the congressmen dwelt at first in Georgetown, superior comfort making up for the greater distance from the Capitol. An entry in John Quincy Adams's diary tells us how he, while senator, waited for the House to adjourn until very late one night so that a friend might take him home in a carriage and save him from a wetting and from being mired in the red clay. This gives us a glimpse of the daily discomfort of having to go two miles over a country road from the Capitol to Georgetown, which must have been disagreeable enough in bad weather. Some of the members, from the very first, lived nearer the scenes of their duties, in the small boarding-houses and hotels which sprang up near the Capitol building, and which in reality, unimportant as they then seemed, constituted the true beginnings of the city.

The scheme of Washington and of the commissioners was to have the city, or at least the best quarters of it, on the broad and level plateau which stretches westward from the Eastern Branch of the Potomac. Accordingly, upon the western end of this stretch of high and level ground was placed the Capitol, facing east and looking out over the place where the city was to be. At the back of the Capitol the land fell abruptly away to low ground, level with the river, and here ran the road now known as Pennsylvania Avenue, which connected the Capitol with the White House and with Georgetown. But the city would not grow as it was intended. Tradition says that the high prices at which Daniel Carroll and others held their land on the eastern side were the cause; but whatever the reasons may have been, people descended into the low ground behind the Capitol, and the city grew steadily westward.

One curious result of this overturning of the founders' design can be traced even now

in the names of the avenues. It was a Southern capital, and the South led in all that concerned its early upbuilding. Accordingly, the names of Southern States were given to the avenues on the eastern plateau and along the river-front, while New York and the



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

New England States were pushed off into the rough fields and woods at the extreme west and to the north of the White House. But the city, following the law of its own being, paid little heed to the wishes of those who named its avenues or who bought up the best lots on the eastern plateau. Like the star of empire, it traveled westward, and to-day the great business streets bear the names of Pennsylvania and New York, while the five

New England States are represented by the avenues which run through the residence quarter of the city where the best houses and the finest private buildings are gathered.

The growth, however, which thus began in the rear of the Capitol, and along the road to the White House, was at best straggling and feeble, and it resulted in houses for the most part small and irregularly built. The material advance of Washington in the early days of the century, in fact, was not brilliant; and, what was still worse, a little more than a dozen years after the coming there of the Government the town received a severe check, for at that time it fell into the hands of a foreign enemy. After the rout which is called by courtesy the battle of Bladensburg, the British troops entered Washington, set fire to the Capitol, and burned and sacked the departments. The battle was discreditable to the Americans, and the wanton destruction of the public buildings was even more discreditable to the British. After the war was over, a patriotic congressman proposed that the ruins of the Capitol should be raised in and left standing so that they might be preserved as a monument of British vandalism. It was decided, however, to rebuild; and, as the old walls were so much damaged by fire that their appearance was spoiled, they were painted white, which makes them to this day a very serious blemish in a noble and beautiful building.

After the peace of Ghent, the city resumed the slow process of growth which had been so violently and unpleasantly interrupted. The small buildings, in the form of houses or shops needed by the inhabitants who were attracted thither by the Government business, gradually increased, while the growth of the Government itself slowly added to the number of public buildings. During the next forty years the Treasury Department, the Patent Office building (now known as the Department of the Interior), and the Post Office Department were all built, and the foundations of the two fine wings of the Capitol were laid. These buildings were all large and beautiful, and were also appropriate to their purposes. With their lofty porticos and marble columns they presented a curious contrast to the straggling town

which had grown up about them; for the Washington of the days before the Civil War was little more than an overgrown Southern village. With very few exceptions, the streets were unpaved, deep with mud, almost impassable, in winter and spring, and equally dusty in summer. Cattle and swine went at large, and M. de Bacourt, the French minister in 1840, speaks with much annoyance of women milking cows on the edge of what passed for a sidewalk. It was at that time certainly neither an imposing nor an attractive capital city, and its most striking feature was the contrast between the ill-built scattered town and the really stately public buildings towering up in the midst of it.

It was upon a city built after this fashion that the storm of rebellion broke in 1861. To tell the history of Washington during the four years that followed would be to write the story of the Civil War; for, however unimportant Washington may have been considered simply as a city, it was nevertheless the capital of a great nation, and the contending armies fought to possess it. When the war was over, it was found that it had left its scars upon Washington, as on so many other places. The city had been girdled by a chain of forts and earthworks, which had laid low the woods in many places on both sides of the river. Armies had encamped about it, and its buildings had been used for hospitals and storehouses, while in the outlying quarters mule corrals and cavalry depots had been established. The streets had been torn and furrowed by the passage of countless trains of artillery, baggage-wagons, and ambulances. In the tumult of the time, the city had been forgotten, although in the midst of it all Congress had still remembered to continue the building of the wings of the Capitol, as a sure sign to friend and foe that the Government, at least, had no doubt as to its future.

After the war was over, however, public attention was again drawn to the capital of the country, and there was more or less discussion as to its removal to the West, so that it might be nearer the center of population. It was at this period, while General Grant was President, that a movement was made and carried into effect for the development and improvement of the city. This was done under the leadership of

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Alexander R. Shepherd, who became Governor of the Territory into which the District was then, and (as it proved) only for a time, converted. New streets and avenues were laid out, the old ones were extended, and all were paved



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED.

with asphalt and brought to an easy grade throughout the city, while squares and parks were made and planted at the points of intersection of the great avenues. The old canal was filled or covered up, the Tiber River was turned to the Eastern Branch, and the water and gas systems of the city were reorganized and improved. The work was a very large and very expensive one. A great deal of money was spent, and there was much criticism and some scandal in regard to it. It is not worth while here to inquire into the truth or falsehood of these scandals, or whether there was much or little extravagance. One thing is certain, the work was done, and done thoroughly. From being a straggling, overgrown village, Washington was changed into a handsome city, with broad, well paved avenues and streets, well lighted and well drained, and all talk about the removal of the capital died away. The improvements of Shepherd were not only the salvation of the city, but they fixed it finally in the

place originally chosen by its founders. The changes which had been made brought with them also improvements in the construction of private houses, and drew population to the city. The national government, too, having abolished the old city government, took charge of the city itself, and added largely to the public buildings. Congress completed the Washington monument, and extended from it to the White House on the north and to the Capitol toward the east a system of parks, which included the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution and of the Botanical Gardens.

Thus, from being an ill-built, ill-paved town, striking only from the painful contrast between the great public buildings and their surroundings, Washington has been changed into a singularly attractive city, with a peculiar character of its own, and giving great promise for the future. It is a government city, and nothing else. It has practically no manufactures and no commerce, and its population is made up of persons engaged in the government service, and of those who supply their wants, together with a constantly increasing class of people who come to dwell there because it is a pleasant place in which to live. The result is that the business quarters of Washington are comparatively small and the residence quarters large, while both are constantly growing and improving. The city has followed in its expansion the plan of L'Enfant, the French engineer, and thus has a character all its own, producing by its system of avenues a grateful irregularity of design, and many open spaces which, like the streets, are planted with trees and shrubs.

The march of improvement quickened by the growth of the city has not stopped within the city limits. The immediate neighborhood of Washington, although not desirable from the farmer's point of view, has a great deal of natural beauty, a fact which was first remarked by Mr. Merry, the British minister to the United States, in Jefferson's time. The valley of the Potomac, especially above Georgetown, is very beautiful, rising abruptly into low hills broken by the ravines or watercourses which come down to the great river on all sides. A large branch, known as Rock Creek, runs from a point north of the city down to the Potomac,

dividing Washington from Georgetown. This stream, miscalled a "creek," forces its way through the ledges and hills until it reaches the river, and its narrow valley is as wild and beautiful as if it were hidden in some distant mountains. The Fiftieth Congress took a hundred and forty acres of this valley on the borders of the city for a zoölogical park, and the Fifty-first, with great good sense, continued the work by taking two thousand acres more, extending to the head of the stream, for a public park. Thus this beautiful region, with its rocks and woods and ravines, has been preserved from the destroying hand of the land speculator. It is not too much to say that it will make a park of greater natural beauty than is to be found in the neighborhood of any great city in the world.

It is an excellent thing that the original idea of the founders has thus been carried out, and that we have for our capital a city which is a government city and nothing else. It is far better that the government of a great country should have a city to itself, and not be lost in the turmoil of some vast metropolis where its presence is of little importance, and where it would be subject to local influences which might readily in a country like ours be most unfortunate for our general welfare. There was a time when a wide-spread feeling existed that the capital was not worthy of a country like the United States, but that day has long since passed. In its development Washington has become or is becoming in all material ways everything that the capital of the United States should be, and yet it has not lost and never will lose its peculiar and important character as the home of the Government.

There is, however, something more to all this than the merely material side. In a country like ours it is especially desirable to preserve all historic and patriotic associations. If, after the war, the capital had been removed, all these associations which have gathered about Washington would have been lost, and we should have begun over again with an entirely new city to which no interest attached beyond the fact that it was one day to be the capital of

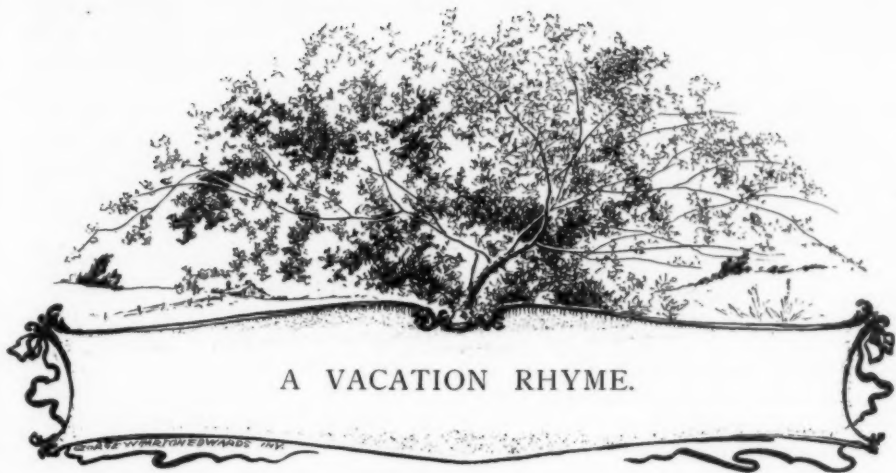
the country. About the home of the National Government memories are sure to cluster, and in a century—a long time in a new country—these memories have gathered fast. If the history of all the events that have taken place in Washington since 1800 were to be written, we should have a fairly complete story of the United States. With the public buildings of Washington are associated the lives and deeds of all the great public men of the country, and within her limits the events have occurred and the decisions have been taken which have settled the fate of the Union. It is well to have such a city, and it is still better to preserve and develop it. It is well to have one place where people may come from all parts of our broad land, where they must forget all local interests and remember only that they are citizens of the United States. In such a place not only can they find much that is of interest and instruction, but they are in the midst of memories and associations which tell them at every step that they are citizens of a great nation with a great past. It is well that our children should come to the city through whose streets have passed in their day Adams and Jefferson, Madison and Marshall; to the city whose Capitol has heard the voices of Clay and John Quincy Adams, of Webster and Sumner; to the city where Lincoln wrought and suffered and died, and where the armies of Grant and Sherman marched in triumph. It is the city that Washington founded; it bears his name and is a part of his history. From the obelisk reared in his honor, a noble shaft glittering in the sunlight, or standing pure and clear against the clouds, we can look far away down the broad river to the place where he sleeps, at his much-loved Mount Vernon. All this is sentiment, no doubt; but, after all, it is true sentiment which ennobles nations and makes a people capable of great deeds. It is well to have a capital city not only beautiful and prosperous, but belonging to no county and to no State, one that is the heritage of all the people, and that tells no story but that of national life and national union.

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A VACATION RHYME.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.



for a glad vacation
rhyme,
Set to a song of
joy!
Ho for a rhyme of
the happy time
That comes to the girl and boy!

To the tide-washed shore we find our way;
We run on the beach and plunge in the
spray,
Or over the craggy rocks we roam,
And watch the waves as they break in
foam,
Till the ebbing ocean reveals the home
Where the tiny barnacle dwells,
Where the starfish lie on the dripping sands

And where, as if waiting for eager hands,
Are curious, fluted shells.

We spin along on our flying wheels
With a thrill that the soaring swallow feels,
And under the shining moon we make
A glittering path on the silvery lake
With our dipping oars, as we merrily take
A row in our little boat.
Oh! the song of these beautiful summer days
Should ripple with laughter like roundelays
Trilled from a bobolink's throat.

Then, ho! for a glad vacation rhyme,
Set to a song of joy!
Ho for a rhyme of the happy time
That comes to the girl and boy!



TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

Author of "Lady Jane."

[Begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER V.

DEA SELLS QUASIMODO.

THE painter from the north who was "rich, rich!" as Seline said, had often stopped at her stand to buy a handful of pecans or a few of her crisp pralines, and as often as he came, he studied with the eye of an artist the two children who were always there; and many a dime found its way into Philip's pocket in return for a sprig of sweet olive and a few violets.

It was true that he was a painter; his name was Edward Ainsworth, and he was an artist of some note in New York; but as to his being "rich, rich!" Seline had only guessed it: first, because he was a stranger, and secondly, because he bought flowers nearly every day, and no one but a rich man would buy flowers.

On this day, Seline, full of anxious expectation, saw him approaching, and at first she thought he was about to pass—but no, he stopped suddenly, and swinging around, leaned over the table and buried his face in Philip's tray of odorous flowers.

"How fragrant, how delicious!" he said to himself in a low voice.

Then he selected a sprig of sweet olive, and a handful of violets, all the while looking from Philip to Dea, who stood with their large questioning eyes fixed on him.

In the mean time, Seline had put on her most genial smile, and when the customer laid down a dime for some pecans, she said in her smooth, rich voice:

"They're fresh, right fresh, M'sieur; an' won't yer have a praline for lagniappe?"

"Certainly; thank you," replied the artist, still looking at the children, while he twisted the top of the little paper bag that contained his purchases.

"If yer please, M'sieur, I'd like to show yer dis yere little image"; and Seline gently introduced Quasimodo, while Dea turned paler, and Philip's eyes were full of anxiety. It was a moment of intense interest.

The artist's face brightened; he laid down the flowers and the paper bag, and taking the little figure almost reverently, he turned and examined it critically. "Who made this?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"My papa," said Dea, finding her courage and her voice at the same time.

"Your papa! Well, he is a genius. It is perfectly modeled. What is your papa's name, and where does he live?"

Dea dropped her head and made no reply. The artist looked inquiringly at Seline.

"Her *pauv'* papa is al'ays sick," said the woman, touching her forehead significantly; "he does n't like to see no one. She," with a glance at Dea, "won't never tell strangers where she lives."

"Oh, I see!" murmured the artist. "Well, my child," turning to the little girl and speaking very gently, "can you tell me what character this figure represents?"

"It is Quasimodo."

"Of course. It's perfect, perfect; but what a strange subject!" and again he turned it and examined it still more closely.

"Do you want to sell it?" he asked at length.

"Oh, yes, M'sieur," cried Dea eagerly. "If you only will buy it, *pauv'* papa will be so glad; he told me that I *must* sell it to-day."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Papa said I could sell it for five dollars. Is five dollars too much?" faltered Dea. "He said it was a work of art, but if you think that is too much—"

"It is a work of art," interrupted the painter, as, with an absent-minded air, he introduced

his thumb and finger into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a crisp note.

Dea's eyes sparkled, and then grew dim with tears.

"But tell me, if you can, how long it took your father to model this?" he asked, still holding the note.

"Oh, a long time, M'sieur; I can't tell just how long, because he works at night when I'm asleep."

"Ah! he works at night. And do you sell many?"

"No, M'sieur, I have not sold one for a long time."

"She has n't sold one since Mardi Gras," interposed Philip, with an air of great interest. "A stranger bought one then, but he gave only three dollars for it."

"Are you brother and sister?" asked the artist, smiling down at Philip.

"Oh, no, M'sieur, we're not related," replied the boy; "she's just my friend. She's a girl, so I try to take care of her and help her all I can"; and as the boy spoke he raised his eyes, and there was such a sweet light in their blue depths that the man's heart was touched with a very tender memory. "How much he is like him," he thought. "The same look, the same smile, and about the same age. I wonder if Laura would notice it. I wish she could see him." For a moment he forgot where he was. A far-off memory of his childhood mingled with a recent sorrow. A boy in bare legs wading for pond-lilies, a boy standing by his side watching each stroke of his brush with loving eyes, and the boy before him all seemed one and the same. A strong emotion swept everything from his mind, and he could only stand silent with his eyes fixed on Philip's eloquent face. At length he started like one from a dream, and when he spoke his voice had a new note of tenderness in it.

"What a good boy you are! She's a fortunate little girl to have such a friend. Tell me your name, please; I wish to get better acquainted with you."

The boy flushed with pleasure, and replied promptly, "My name is Philip, M'sieur."

"Philip!" echoed the artist; "how strange. What is your other name?"

"Oh, I'm always called Toinette's Philip. I never thought of any other name. I'll ask my mammy to-night if I've got another."

"Is Toinette your mother?"

"No, M'sieur, she's my mammy. She's a yellow woman, and you see I'm white."

"Have you always lived with Toinette?"

"Always, ever since I can remember."

"Then you have no parents?"

"Parents? Oh, no; I guess not. I don't know; I'll ask mammy."

"Where do you live?"

"I live on Ursuline street, away down-town. Mammy has a garden and sells flowers. It's a right pretty garden; won't you come some day and see it? Mammy's proud of her garden, and likes strangers to see it."

"Thank you; certainly I will come," replied the artist, promptly. "I like flowers myself, and I like pictures. I wonder if you like them—I mean pictures. I suppose you have not seen many."

"Lots of them, and I like them, too. I've seen them in the churches, and in the shop windows, and—I've tried to make some," added Philip, lowering his voice and flushing a little.

"Well, my boy, I'm a painter; I paint pictures. Would you like to come and see mine?"

"Yes, M'sieur, I would, if mammy says I may. I'll ask her, and if she'll let me, I'll come to-morrow."

"I wish you could bring your little friend with you. I should like to paint a picture of her." And the artist turned his eyes to the anxious face of the little girl, who was looking eagerly at the note that was fluttering in his hand.

"Will you go with me, Dea?" asked Philip.

"I can't; I must sell Esmeralda," returned the child curtly.

The artist looked smilingly from one to the other. "So you have a figure of Esmeralda, and your name is Dea. Where is 'Homo,' the wolf?"

"Homo is under the table asleep; but he's not a wolf, he's only a wolf-dog."

At this moment, hearing his name used so freely, Homo came slowly out and sniffed at the stranger, who patted his head kindly; then

the old dog, with a wag of approbation, returned to his nap beside Lilybel.

"Really," thought the artist, with a puzzled look, "it is very interesting; this child and the dog seem to have stepped out of one of Victor Hugo's books."

Here Seline made an expressive pantomime behind Dea, which led the artist to suspect that the modeler in wax was an enthusiast on the subject of the great French writer; and without further explanation, he understood the situation pretty correctly. A poor sick genius — sick mentally and physically — with this one child who was his only companion and friend.

After a moment of deliberation he said gently, "My child, if you will come to my studio I will pay you for your time, and I will buy some more of your little figures. I won't keep you long, and it will be better than staying in the street all day."

"Yes, honey, so it will," interposed Seline. "Does yer un'stand? M'sieur 'll pay yer, and yer 'll have plenty money fer yer *pauv'* papa."

Dea hesitated, and then replied doubtfully, "I'm afraid papa won't be willing; I'll ask him. But I must go home now — I must — I must go to papa."

"Dea can't promise now," said Philip, excusingly; "but perhaps she 'll come to-morrow. I 'll try and bring her, M'sieur."

"Thank you. I live in that tall house just below here. Ask the cobbler in the court to show you the way to Mr. Ainsworth's apartment." And as the artist gave Philip these directions, he handed the five-dollar note to Dea, who took it with an eloquent glance of gratitude.

"Oh, M'sieur, I'm so glad! Yes, I'll try to come; when *pauv'* papa knows how good you are, perhaps he 'll let me come. And may I bring Esmeralda? Will you buy Esmeralda?"

"Yes, I 'll buy Esmeralda," returned the artist, with a smile. "You 'll find me a good customer if you 'll bring your figures to my studio."

"I 'll come; I 'll come to-morrow," she cried eagerly. "Now, Seline, give me my basket. I must run all the way to papa."

"Don't, honey; don't get so flustered," said Seline, soothingly, as she handed her the basket,

"an' don't run; it 'll make yer little head ache, an' then yer can't get yer papa's dinner."

"I must — I must run, Seline," cried Dea. "*Au revoir*, M'sieur; *au revoir*, Philip." And with a happy smile, she darted out of the portico and down Rue Royale, followed by Homo, who seemed aware of his little mistress's good fortune, for he was as alert and lively now as he was listless and discouraged before.

"Oh, M'sieur, you've done a good deed, buyin' dat little image," said Seline gratefully, as she looked after Dea. "Pore child, she's so glad! She can't wait, 'cause her papa ain't had no breakfast."

"Nor no supper last night," continued Philip. "Dea don't like to tell, but I always know when they have nothing to eat."

"What! Is it possible, nothing to eat? Are they as poor as that?" exclaimed the artist. "And have they no one to take care of them?"

"They have n't any one," returned Philip. "They came here from France when Dea was a baby, and her father's been strange and sick ever since her mother died."

"An' that pore chile has to take care of him," sighed Seline. "Oh, M'sieur, do buy somethin' more fer the sake of that motherless little cre'tur!"

"I will, I certainly will; I 'll try and do something for them," replied the painter kindly. "I 'll sell some to my friends. Bring the child to me and I 'll see what I can do." Then with a pleasant "Good day," he walked off, carrying Quasimodo very carefully.

Philip watched him with admiring eyes until his tall figure disappeared in the court of the high house on the next square; then he turned to Seline and said earnestly, "I did n't think any one who painted pictures would stop to talk to us. Why, I ain't a bit afraid of him. You can bet I'm going to see him, and I'm going to get him to teach me to paint pictures."

"An' he 's rich; he 'll buy lots of them little images," returned Seline with undisguised satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI.

TOINETTE.

MANY years ago, when handsome residences were not numerous in the French quarter of

New Orleans, the creoles of Ursuline street were very proud of the Detrava place. It was a large white mansion with fluted columns and wide shady galleries, set well back from the street and surrounded by a broad lawn and lovely rose-garden, which were hidden from inquisitive neighbors by a high brick wall covered with pink stucco. On each side of the wide gate of beautifully wrought iron were massive pillars, supporting couchant lions, who held beneath their iron paws two rusty cannon-balls brought from the victorious field of Chalmette by the General Detrava who built the imposing mansion, and retired there after the battle of New Orleans.

For many years the Detrava place was the scene of the most generous hospitality, and many an aged lady can count her début at a Detrava ball as one of the most brilliant events of her life. Children and grandchildren succeeded the General—until at last one by one they dropped away, and all were gone but Charles Detrava, a wealthy sugar-planter, who preferred to live in the country on his fine plantation. For years the old mansion was closed and deserted; but at last, one winter, it was thrown open for a brilliant occasion, the début of the only child, the charming Estelle Detrava, who had just been graduated at the Dominican Convent. That fête will always be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. It was the winter before the beginning of the Civil War, and it was almost the last brilliant social event that preceded years of sorrow and disaster.

Among the first to join the Confederate army was Charles Detrava; he went away with his regiment, never to return, leaving his wife and daughter in the seclusion of their country home. Shortly after her husband's departure, Mrs. Detrava died, and Estelle was left without a relative, excepting some cousins in France whom she had never seen. Then there came a rumor of her marriage, but to whom she was married no one seemed to know. So little was she thought of in the face of graver events, that, some time after, when one night the residents of Ursuline street were awakened by the uproar of a great conflagration, and the old Detrava mansion disappeared in smoke and

flames, they were appalled and astonished to learn that a young mother with her babe and nurse had perished in the house. No one knew that the house had been occupied, or that Estelle Detrava, who had lost her husband in a recent skirmish near her country home, had fled from the scene of the conflict to the refuge of the deserted city mansion. She had arrived the day before with her child and servant, and only one or two tradespeople were aware of her being there until the sad news was reported that of the three sleeping in the house that night not one escaped.

By this sudden and terrible calamity, the family was, as it were, destroyed, as well as the beautiful old mansion of which there only remained some broken columns and tottering chimneys standing among piles of debris. But very soon that generous artist, Nature, decorated and beautified the ruins by covering them with a luxuriant growth of flowers and vines, and the curious who stopped to peer through the iron gates saw only a profusion of green covering the fluted columns and the winding shell walks.

In the spring the pittosporum trees, which before had been kept carefully trimmed, thrust their white blossoming branches above the walls, and the riotous vines climbed over the gate, and almost hid the white board on which was painted in black letters: "*À vendre ou à louer.*"* Day after day the sign hung there, in sun and rain, but no tenant came to occupy the little cottage in the rear, which had escaped the conflagration; neither did a purchaser appear to bargain for the property that had passed to the heirs, the unknown cousins in France.

Time passed on, and each season the place looked more neglected and deserted. The beautiful lawn and rose-garden were overrun with weeds, the flowering shrubs grew into trees, the climbing roses and jasmines pushed their branches upward and clung to every possible support, dense shadows brooded among the foliage where numerous birds built their nests and bred their young. The old garden was still lovely, but a cloud hung over it,—the memory of the tragedy of that terrible night. And after a while foolish rumors filled the neighborhood, and people began to eye the

* "For sale or to let."

rusty gate and grim lions as though they inclosed and guarded a gloomy secret, until it seemed as if no one could be found who would brave the loneliness and seclusion of the place

Detrava place. She was a small, gentle-looking woman, dressed in rusty black, with a white *tignon** tied neatly over her gray hair; and the child, though plainly clad, was as clean and



TOINETTE AND PHILIP BEFORE THE OLD DETRAVA GATE.

and take possession of the comfortable little cottage that had served as servants' quarters in the prosperous days of the old mansion.

At last one day the neighbors noticed a respectable-looking old quadroom, leading a lovely little white child by the hand, pass slowly up the street and stop before the gate of the

fresh as a lily. For a long time the woman lingered with her face pressed against the iron scroll-work of the gate, and when, after some time, she walked sadly away, there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

A few mornings after that, the druggist opposite noticed a slender column of smoke rising

* Head-dress.

from the chimney of the little cottage, and he knew that at last the Detrava place had found an occupant. The old sign disappeared, and after a while in its place hung another on which was neatly painted, "Floral designs for funerals and weddings, and cut flowers for sale at very low prices."

It was some time before the curiosity of the neighbors was gratified in regard to the new tenant, and when at last they learned that it was the little quadroon woman who had been seen looking in the gate, they were greatly surprised and disappointed. In spite of every effort, the most they could learn was that her name was Toinette, that she was a skilful florist, and that she was nurse and guardian to the little white boy she called Philip. She was very seldom seen, as she passed in and out of the gate in the rear; and of the child they had only occasional glimpses. Those were at the times when he ran, like some lovely little sylvan creature, down the shaded walk between the great oaks and magnolias, to press his round pink face against the iron gate, where he would stand and look out into the narrow, dusty street his blue eyes wide and bright with pleased surprise. The little creoles on the other side of the gate tried by every means in their power to overcome his shyness, but in vain; at the first approach, he would scurry away and conceal himself behind a clump of bushes or a tangle of vines until his would-be friends had departed.

He was a healthy, happy child; he loved flowers and birds, all dumb things came to him with the utmost confidence; he was always surrounded by his pets, and they seemed to have a sort of secret understanding with him. Toinette sometimes thought they even had a language in common. For when he whistled softly, the cardinals and mocking-birds flew down to eat out of his hand. He would flit about among the flowers, and butterflies and other winged insects hovered over him. Very early he showed a taste for drawing birds and animals, and Toinette encouraged it. She bought him paper and a small box of colors, and when Père Josef, the kind little priest who lived in a tiny cottage near, told Toinette that the child had talent and would make a painter

some day, she was delighted. As soon as he was old enough to learn his letters, she engaged Père Josef to teach him; and every morning, summer and winter, at six o'clock, the rosy little fellow finished his hominy and milk, and ran to Père Josef, who was always sitting over his coffee and books at that hour.

Philip loved Père Josef, but he adored Toinette. There was nothing in her power that she would not undertake for the child, and he repaid her with ready obedience and unstinted affection. As he grew older, he assisted her in many ways: he weeded her flower-beds, transplanted her violets, gathered up dead leaves, and dug the grass out of the cracks of the brick paving with the most patient industry. Therefore, when one day Toinette told him he could go on the street and sell a few flowers, he was overjoyed. He was about six years old then, and he had lost much of the shyness of his infancy, but about him there was always enough of the air of a little woodland creature to make him natural and charming; and this perhaps led him to seek the protection of Seline when he found himself alone in the crowded streets. He usually sold his flowers in the morning to gentlemen on the way to their offices, and he had many regular customers who dropped the dime into his hand as much for the charm of his sunny smile and pleasant "good morning" as for the love of the flowers. When his tray was empty he did not linger nor idle away his time, but ran off to Toinette, as happy as a lark, to assist her in cultivating her beds of pansies and violets.

Philip had told his mammy of his acquaintance with Dea, and the kind old woman, although she had never seen the little girl, felt a great interest in her, and always managed to supply the boy with food enough for two, so that his little friend need never go hungry. And every day when the boy came home, her question was not whether he had sold his flowers, but whether Dea had sold any of her little figures.

CHAPTER VII.

PHILIP ASKS A QUESTION.

ON the day when the artist bought Quasimodo, Philip could hardly wait, so eager was he

to tell Toinette of Dea's good fortune. So, when all his flowers were sold, he fairly flew down Ursuline street, never stopping for any of the tempting invitations to join in the numerous games the children were playing on the sidewalk; for Toinette's Philip was a great favorite among them, and they were always glad when he appeared.

At the corner of Tremé street he saw a group of boys around a small crippled negro who carried a heavy bucket on his head. "There are the brick-dust children going home, and those boys are tormenting little Bill again!" he cried, with a flash of anger in his blue eyes. "Just let me catch up with them, and I'll scatter them!" A moment after he was in the midst of the crowd, striking out to the right and left. "Look here, you boys, leave that lame child alone! Are n't you ashamed to torment him? Here, Bill, give me your bucket; you can carry my tray"; and swinging the heavy pail of brick-dust upon his head, he marched off as straight as a caryatid, followed by the "brick-dust children," who gave three cheers for Toinette's Philip.

When Philip reached the gate of the Detrava place, he was rosy and breathless from his exertion, and his eyes were sparkling with excitement. Toinette was sitting on the little gallery beside a table covered with white flowers. She was filling the wire design of a lamb with small waxen jasmine blossoms.

"Who's that for, Mammy?" asked Philip, leaning against a pillar of the piazza while he rested and recovered his breath.

"It's for a little baby on Prieur street; it died last evening. But what makes you so warm, child?" asked Toinette gently; "have n't I told you not to run so much?"

"I could n't help it; I was in such a hurry to get home. I wanted to tell you that Dea has sold Quasimodo!" Then Philip rapidly and breathlessly, partly in English and partly in French, told Toinette of the adventures of the day. "And oh, Mammy, he paints pictures right there where he lives, and he wants me to come some time to see him! Can I go to-morrow?"

"Why, yes, child," replied Toinette, without looking up from her work, "you can go; and if

he'll teach you anything, I shall be glad to have you learn."

"He will teach me; I know he will. He's very kind, and he promised to buy Esmeralda," said Philip confidently.

"I'm glad for the poor child," said Toinette, busily building up the lamb's ears.

"Can't I have my supper now, Mammy? I'm awful hungry. Did you make the gumbo?"

"Yes, *cher*; it's all ready. Just wait a minute. I must finish this; the woman's coming for it. I have only the eyes to put in." And as Toinette spoke she selected the dark leaf of a pansy, and dexterously inserted it into the empty socket. "There, is n't it natural?" she said, holding it off and looking at it admiringly. "It's so white and innocent."

"I don't know," said Philip, regarding it critically with his head on one side. "I think I'd like the flowers best just as they grew."

At that moment the bell rang, and Philip ran to open the gate. The servant had come with a basket for the lamb.

"Madame will like this," she said as she wiped a tear from her glossy black face; "she does n't know about it. M'sieur ordered it."

Toinette enveloped the lamb in white oiled paper, and laid it carefully in the basket; she did everything daintily, with a gentle, refined touch, but she looked old and feeble.

"Now, child," she said, as the woman went away, walking slowly and glancing often at the basket as if it contained a living thing, "just run and fasten the gate, and I'll set the table for your supper."

Toinette brushed from the little table the fragrant remnants of the flowers, and spread a white cloth over it. Then she went into the spotless kitchen, which served well for their simple needs, and brought out a bowl of steaming gumbo, a dish piled with snowy rice, a plate of biscuit, and a glass pitcher of milk. While she was making these preparations, Philip went to his little bedroom, which opened out of this one living-room; and as he passed through the kitchen, he glanced at everything with a loving eye. How clean and cheerful it looked! The walls were nearly covered with bright wire designs for making floral ornaments. These em-

blems of the extremes of joy and sorrow jostled each other intimately. There were bells and harps, crowns and stars, pillows and horse-shoes, "gates ajar" and four-leaved clovers, lambs and doves; and between these skeleton

the white walls, the red brick floor, and the plain dark furniture. Outside, everything was green and cool, and this bit of light and color made a pleasant contrast. Philip always liked it; unconsciously, his artistic sense was gratified,



"TOINETTE WAS FILLING THE WIRE DESIGN OF A LAMB WITH JASMINE BLOSSOMS."

emblems hung numerous wreaths of white "immortelles," on which were mottos in purple: *À mon fils, À ma mère, Priez pour nous*, and the like. The creoles often bought those; therefore, Toinette kept them ready with the French mottos. As Philip passed through the room, the evening sun darted in at the west window, and all the frames sparkled like silver. They gave a kind of richness to the place, and set off

and, besides, it was his home, the only one he had ever known, and it was very dear to him.

He entered his little room, and glanced at his white cot draped with the mosquito bar; at the little table by the rose-covered window, on which lay his slate and books. He thought proudly in his little heart that there could be no prettier place in the world. A small brown bird hung on a branch of the rose-bush, and

twittered "sweet-sweet-sweet." Philip repeated the caressing notes in a tone exactly like its own, while he bathed his hands and face, and brushed his tangled hair. Then he took a prayer-book from a shelf over his bed, and went out to the gallery where Toinette was waiting for him. After their simple meal was over, Toinette pushed back her chair and composed herself into a listening attitude.

"Oh, Mammy," said Philip coaxingly, as he took the prayer-book and turned the pages, "I'm awful tired! Can't I skip the Ten Commandments to-night?"

"Certainly not," replied Toinette, severely. "Have you ever missed saying them a night since you knew them? Go on, *cher*; I've some work to do before dark, and you have your lessons to learn. Was Père Josef satisfied with you this morning?"

"He said he was. He said I did my *analyse* very well. So you won't let me off to-night. Well, then, I may as well say them."

And Philip, composing his face to a becoming gravity, repeated in a gentle droning voice the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished, Toinette bowed her head and said softly, "Amen." After that serious duty was over, he got his books and sat on the steps to study, while Toinette cleared the table and busied herself for some time within.

When she came out again, she looked at Philip anxiously; the boy was sitting with his chin in his palms, and his books were lying neglected at his feet. She glanced again at him; he was in deep thought. What could the child be thinking of? Suddenly Toinette looked older and feebler, and her hands shook as she tried to sort some seeds.

There was something she had been dreading lately. It was a question, and he might ask it at any moment. As he sat there in the soft evening light, he all at once looked older to her, and with an inward shiver she felt that it was coming.

Suddenly he raised his eyes, and fixing them on her gravely, he said: "Mammy, that gentleman asked me to-day if my father and mother are living. Are they?"

Toinette turned very pale, and looked away from the child's clear gaze. "No," she replied tremulously. "No, my child; you lost them both when you were a few months old."

"Well, he asked me what my other name was. Have I got another name?"

"Certainly you have," gasped Toinette; "but what need of asking such questions? It can't matter to a little boy like you."

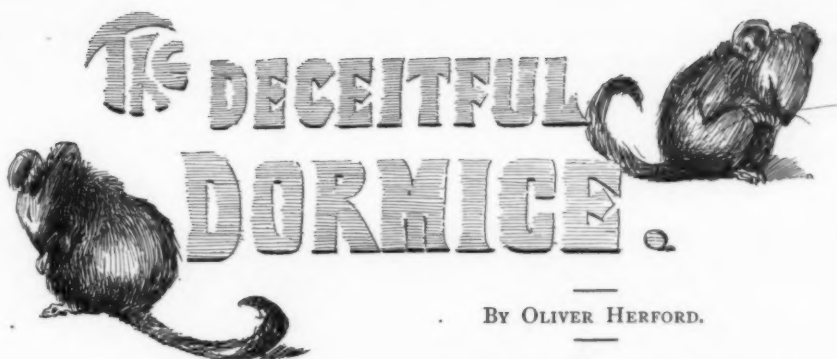
"Yes, Mammy, it does; now I think of it, all boys have two names. Even little Bill is named Bill Brown, and I'm only Toinette's Philip."

A look of pain passed over Toinette's face, and for a moment she remained silent; then she said gravely and decidedly: "You must never ask me any more such questions, Philip. When the right time comes you will know all about it. Some day, when I'm not here, Père Josef will tell you. He has some papers for you when you are older. I can't tell you anything now. Forget all about it and attend to your lessons, or Père Josef won't be satisfied with you to-morrow."

Philip picked up his book, and fixed his eyes on the page before him, but he did not see it. Suddenly a strange curiosity was awakened in his mind. His mammy would not satisfy it, but perhaps Père Josef would. He would ask him about it in the morning.

(To be continued.)

THE DECEITFUL DORMICE.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.



SLEEPY Dormouse
who had passed
The winter in
her nest,
Hearing that
spring had
come at last,
Got up at once,
half dressed,

"I've only just return'd, my dear,"
The sleepy Dormouse said,
"From Florida—the winters here,
You know, affect my head."

"Have you, indeed?" exclaimed her friend.
"I'm glad to see you home.
I, too, have just returned—I spend
My winters down in Rome."



And, hastening from her
downy house
To hail the new spring
day,
She ran against another
mouse
That lived across the way.

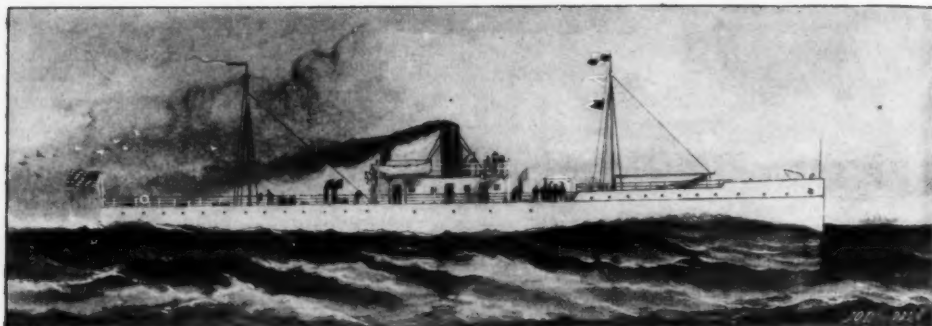
The shock was such, at first the two
Could scarcely speak for lack
Of breath. Then each cried,
"Oh, it's *you*!
Why, when did you
get back?"

With many pawshakes then, at last
They parted—each to say,
"I wonder where that
creature passed
The winter—any-
way!"



THE "VESUVIUS."

By J. O. DAVIDSON.



THE DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS" AT SEA.

To a monk of England was for many years awarded the honor of inventing gunpowder, which unchurchly article immediately became a very convenient and popular means for people to kill one another with. The claim had to be given up, however, when it became known that in far-away and sleepy China, gunpowder and guns, as well as fire-crackers, had roared, popped, and banged centuries before the learned monk was born.

Some time later an enterprising explorer discovered a tribe of savages that blew little poisoned arrows through long reeds, and with them settled many an old grudge against their tribal enemies. They also used their deadly puffs of air in the pursuit of game too wary to be captured by a snare. For many years this was pointed out as an example of great inventive

genius in the savages, until two young gentlemen of the tribe who were not on speaking terms with one another, owing to their rivalry as shots, came to blows. The defeated one let the cat out of the bag, so to speak, by leading the white men to a stream where the fish with unerring aim blew drops of water into the air at the giddy-headed flies resting on the bank, tumbling them into the water and into the fishes' mouths as well.

Whether the street-boys of Athens knew the use of the putty-blower or not, history fails to state; but it is more than probable that they did, for a famous English naval writer of the sixteenth century claimed to have proof that some of the Grecian war-galleys had projecting at their sides tubes from which were darted shot with a "vapor that roared." Simply big putty-blowers,

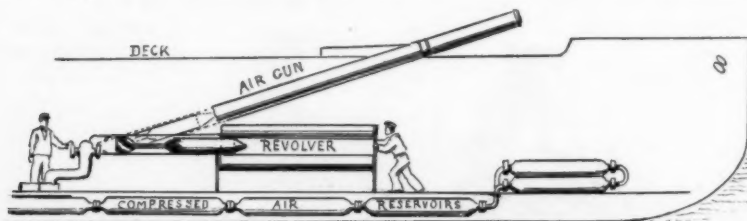


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE AIR-GUN AND "REVOLVER."

you see. The squid or cuttlefish darts through the waves by ejecting a quick stream of water through a little tube under its chin; and this

at the bow. Most of these guns lie at an angle slanting back and downward to where the air-compressors lie close to the heel.

TWO SEA TARGETS—ONE MADE OF REED, AND THE OTHER OF SAIL-CLOTH SO AS ALWAYS TO SHOW A WHITE SPACE AGAINST THE DARKER SAIL.

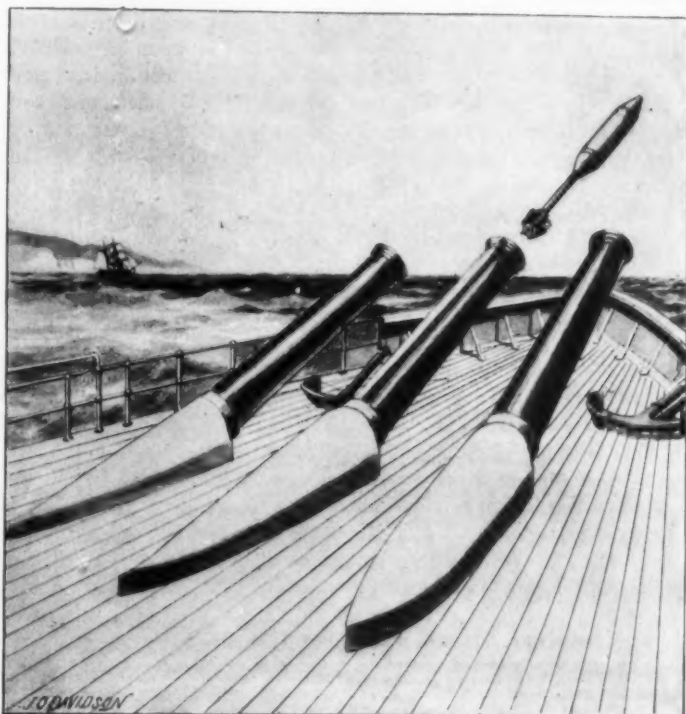


THREE FORMS OF DARTS THROWN BY THE VESUVIUS. THE EXPLOSIVE IS IN THE HEAD.

plan was so well copied by an American inventor (Dr. Jackson), that he made a hundred-foot steamer go through the waves at twelve miles an hour by pumping water through a nozzle under the stern, where the rudder is usually found in such craft. In London mail-bags and some railway trains are now driven successfully by compressed air. So the saying that "there's nothing new under the sun" is to a certain extent true enough.

The most recent applications of the blow-pipe principle, however, are the three air-guns of the United States "torpedo cruiser" (or as she is also called, the "pneumatic cruiser") "Vesuvius." This vessel of war is 251 feet 9 inches long, 26 feet 5 inches wide, draws 9 feet of water and has a displacement of 725 tons, she is of 3794 horse-power, and she darts over the waves at a speed of 25 miles per hour. She is too beautiful and fast a craft to be called a "blowpipe gunboat"; but that is exactly what she is, because of the blowguns which stick up through the deck

Into the somewhat bottle-shaped steel flasks which are shown in the diagram on page 592, air has been forced until it is compressed under a



ENDS OF THE AIR-GUNS PROJECTING FROM THE DECK; A DART JUST LEAVING THE CENTRAL ONE.



When a gun is means of a hinge, and pushed back into the rest of the tube. When air admitted from one of the a distance of one and a half

The operation, which seems of warfare; but that dart whirled weapon known to war, afloat or pounds of guncotton, than which no used. The name guncotton sounds more than the cotton waste, with which engines, soaked in nitric and sulphuric this will burn quietly, but when it is struck sufficient to blow up a good-sized house. If one or more letters cut out, and a pound of gun-figures cut in the paper will be stamped into the think of such force, and then imagine 500 pounds of

In the recent aiming trials on the Vesuvius, some of before the target, dove under it for forty feet, waves, then dove again, playing the game of

The great bombs, flying for a mile and a ject aimed at by more than a few feet; and the target's place it would assuredly have atoms. A new exploding device was used and it did not work well; but as there are fuses fail, the system of throwing guncotton, or or gunpowder by compressed air is a perfect even in a high cross-wind.

What amount of damage will be done to a vessel when one of the 500-pound charges is exploded on her deck, it is impossible to state, since it never yet has occurred; but it is reasonable to suppose, from the effect on rocks and earth in land trials, that the ship must be torn asunder and sunk on the instant.

It will not always be the object of the air-gunners, however, to destroy a vessel completely, for it is often more desirable to disable a vessel and to capture her and her crew. To

* A strong steel turret, like a pilot-house, from which the officers can safely direct all the actions of the vessel and keep the enemy in view.

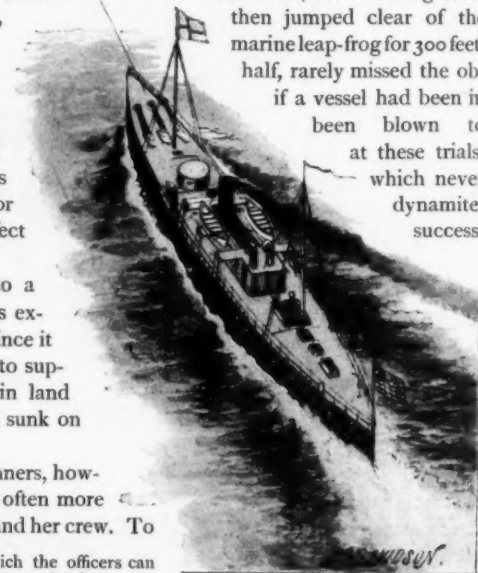
strain of 2000 pounds to the square inch, by engines especially constructed for that purpose. The shells, or bombs, or darts fired from the guns are made partly of iron, of brass, and of copper. They are 10 feet long, 15 inches wide, and while some are of uniform width, others give up half their length to a thin spindle or tail having metal fans at the end, and looking somewhat like a huge, clumsy arrow. These darts are kept in three barrel-like "revolvers," and as there are five darts in each, the Vesuvius can throw fifteen projectiles in rapid succession.

to be loaded, about twenty feet of its lower end drops down by from the revolver directly in front of it one of the bombs is lowered end, which is then pulled up again in line with the all is ready, a lever in the conning tower* is moved, enough reservoirs, and away goes the dart flying through the air to miles.

so simple, does not look very formidable as a method away by the blowpipe is in reality the most deadly ashore, for in the head of the missile is stored 500 more terrible explosive is known that can be so innocent enough, and the material is nothing you have often seen engineers cleaning their acids, and washed clear again. A pound of or "detonated," it explodes with a force upon an anvil is laid a piece of paper with cotton is exploded on it, the letters or metal one quarter of an inch deep. Just guncotton exploding on a ship or fort.

the darts, after striking close then jumped clear of the marine leap-frog for 300 feet.

half, rarely missed the ob- if a vessel had been in been blown to at these trials, which never dynamite, success,



test this possibility, trials have been ordered in which a ship's boat while being towed by a long line from a steamer moving fifteen miles an hour will be fired at by the Vesuvius, also going at full speed and approaching it from one side. This will be known as the "moving target" trial, and will be very interesting, for the object will be to hit as near as possible without actually striking the boat, as shown in the picture. It is claimed that if one of these bombs explodes near the side of a ship it will create such a concussion of the air that the ship's plates will be loosened, her guns upset, her machinery thrown out of place, and her boilers started leaking. And no doubt her crew will gladly surrender before a second such visitation.

On June 30, 1886, the

British ironclad turret-ship "Royal Sovereign" was anchored near the ironclad "Bellerophon" off the Isle of Wight, and several shots were fired at her turrets from a 9-inch gun. It did not require many shots to demonstrate that in a short time the iron turrets would be battered to pieces. It is now proposed to anchor, in the lower bay of New York harbor, one of the old United States monitors that saw service in the war, and to let the dangerous Vesuvius show what she can do with her. There will be many thousands

to look on at the strange sight. The monitor's turret, looking like a little cheese-box at the distance of a mile and a half, will appear almost too small a mark. The Vesuvius will steam to within striking-distance, and launch one of her darts into the air. It will not fly so fast as a cannon-ball, and will be seen all the way. It will not howl or whistle like a rifled shell, but



A TRIAL AT A MOVING TARGET. THE VESSEL ON THE RIGHT WITH THE WHITE BOW IS THE VESUVIUS, WHICH HAS JUST FIRED THE SHOT AT THE ROWBOAT TOWED BY THE TUGBOAT.

will go on its way with a low whispering sound. If it strikes the water before exploding, a grand fountain of spray and water will be tossed toward the sky. If it explodes in air or on the monitor's deck, there will result a flash as of lightning, but no boom like that of a cannon will follow. The noise will be an ear-splitting crash, the water will upheave as if there was an earthquake, and the monitor, as if struck by a giant hand, will sink in fragments.

THE KING'S TEST.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



N CERTAIN king, beloved by all
Who thronged his stately lobbies,
Like other men, was grave or glad
As fortunes changed; and, like them, had

His own especial hobbies —
The which he aired, be it confessed,
With something more than common zest.

By his opinions obstinate
Sometimes a little blinded,
Of pompous mien and manners bland,
Good-natured, simple-hearted, and
Extremely absent-minded, —
A king he was, if not to fear,
With loyal fondness to revere.

One day, when from the cares of state
The Queen and he were resting,
And in the book the King perused
Some argument the author used
His favorite theme suggesting,
He praised, as was his wont to her,
The power of kingly character.



T HERE is," said he, "in
Sovereignty,
A certain grace essential, —
A charm which cannot
be concealed,
That shines through all disguise, revealed
In majesty potential, —
A bland, benignant influence shed
Where'er the royal steps may tread.



v.

"Now, in a book of ancient tales
I've read the curious story
Of old Haroun al Raschid's plan,—
You recollect, my dear?—a man,
Not all unknown to glory,
Who, walking through his realm, disguised,
His subjects' doings supervised.



vi.

UT how absurd! No
King could thus
Escape their recognition!

Why, from a hundred,
ninety-nine
The royal presence must
divine,

By instant intuition.
The hundredth,—well,
a babe, mayhap,
Or one with bells upon
his cap.

vii.

"Nay," and the King, who loved in such
Diversions to engage her,
Smiled as he cried in great delight,
"I'll prove the thing this very night,
And lay with you a wager:
A ton of Huylerico's best
Is yours, my dear, if fails the test."

viii.

"Agreed, my love," she murmured, half
Unconscious of his meaning;
Then, while her lord retired in glee,
Took up her novel, languidly
Among her cushions leaning;
For on the hearth the fire was bright,
And soft the candles' shaded light.

ix.

BUT to the garret ran the
King,
Excited still, and
eager,
And sought and found
an ancient suit,
Threadbare and frayed;
a cloak, to boot,



Of pattern strange and meager;
Also a pair of ragged hose,
And shoes that scarcely hid his toes.

x.

With joyful haste he drew them forth,
Nor paused to prink or dally.
Hind side before and wrong side out,
He got them on at last, without
A mirror or a valet,
And muffled half his royal face
Within the ragged cloak's embrace.

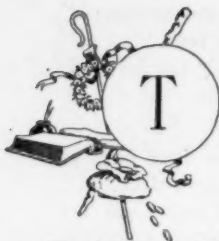
xi.

Then down a secret stair he stole
With footsteps swift and stealthy,
And out into the city street,
Where, lo! the first he chanced to meet—
A lad both stout and healthy—
Turned pale and stared, then on the ground
Knelt down in reverence profound.



xii.

The King could scarce contain his glee.
Fulfilled was his prediction!
And on he sped, at every turn
Some fresh, emphatic proof to earn
Of his sublime conviction:
Until his heart so raptured leapt
For pride and joy he could have wept.



XIII.
THROUGH stately
avenues he went,
Through alleys dark
and narrow;
He met the merchant
and the clerk,
The courtier with his
crafty smirk,

The huckster with his barrow;
The fool, the rogue, the minister,
The damsel and the dowager.



XIV.
He stood with soldiers fierce and dark,
Amid the blare of trumpets;
He climbed the student's lonely stair,
And stole into the kitchens, where
The maids were toasting crumpets:
They dropped their forks and shrieked aloud,
And then in coy obeisance bowed!

XV.
Where sailors spun their yarns he went;
Where whining beggars hobbled;
To balls and theaters and shops,
And where with marbles and with tops



The noisy urchins squabbled,
Or, melancholy as his bell,
The sexton tolled the midnight knell.



XVI.
And still, as on the
monarch fared,
Where'er his fancy
drew him,
Some laughed, some
frowned, some
only stared,

And some were
obviously scared,
But everybody
knew him;
And, soon or late,
in homage bent:
Till, faint and tired,
with mud be-
sprent,

XVII.

Homeward he turned,—less fit, indeed,
 For palace than for hovel,—
 And, flushed with victory, sought the Queen,
 Who, still in languorous ease serene,
 Was buried in her novel,
 While on the hearth the fire burned low,
 And paler grew the candles' glow.

XVIII.

"My love," he said, in accents hoarse,
 But tenderly facetious,
 "The candy 's mine! Observe me, pray!
 Note well my garb, nor ever say
 My arguments are specious.
 For know that all, though thus disguised,
 In me the KING have
 recognized!"



XIX.

HE lifted slow her grace-
 ful head,
 With just a glance
 of wonder,
 Suppressed a yawn, or
 —could it be?—
 A smile of faintest
 mockery,

Her slender fingers under.

"You 're absent-minded, dear," she said,—
 "Your crown is still upon your head!"



THE KING DISGUISED!

WHEN TIMMIE DIED.

BY ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS.

I THINK—I really think I cried,
 A little bit, when Timmie died.
 You see he was so soft and gray,
 And liked so very much to play,
 That when I found him cold and still,
 Stretched out beside the barn-door sill,
 It seemed as if he 'd just forgot
 To breathe a little minute, not
 That he was dead. I smoothed the paws
 That covered up his cunning claws.
 He did not stir. Then Helen found
 A ribbon, and she tied it round

His neck. 'T was new and red.
 But oh! my Timmie cat was dead,
 And ribbons could not make him see,
 Or give my kitty back to me.
 And then we buried little Tim
 Beneath the sunflowers, with a rim
 Of pansies—purple ones and gold—
 Around him; and I let him hold
 A favorite spool, his very own.
 Then, when we left him there alone,
 I 'm sure you think I might have cried
 A little bit 'cause Timmie died.

THE WIND-BROOM.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

THE wind-broom sweeps so wondrous clean
That when you hear it upon high
Go swishing by, go swishing by,
You may be sure the sky-folk mean
To make their homes all fair to see,
Garnished, and gay as gay can be
O' nights, for starry company.

THE WHITE CAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIII.

NEAR THE CAVE.

HUGH and his mother knew that other eyes must be near them. Hugh had already told his mother all that had happened to him and Ned Wentworth since they had left the picnic party to hunt; but she was too thirsty and tired and excited to say much in reply. She was afraid to have him talk now, except in whispers; but he insisted that he knew where they were, and that they were getting nearer the "front door" of the cave-man's hidden house.

"I cannot walk any farther, Hugh," she suddenly exclaimed. "I am faint."

There was an answer, but it did not come from him. "Silence!" was the warning from a shadow near them. "Down, both of you! Let them go by!"

Down sank Lady Parry and her son, shivering with surprise and fear, while there was a rustling sound near.

"Hugh," whispered the voice, "I've found your father. I've brought him into the cave. You and your mother must wait just where you are. Three of those robbers have scouted this way. They're going back to their camp soon, and when the coast is clear you can go right in. Wait till you hear me 'coo-ee-e' before you move. I'll draw them off for you."

"Mother," whispered Hugh, "it's Beard.

Keep still!"—and he added to the cave-man in the dark, "All right; we'll wait."

A few minutes later, they heard the trampling of feet, and the sound of rough, low voices, passing very near them. She put an arm around Hugh, and he raised his gun and cocked it with a thrill of courage.

That was the last scout made that night by the white robbers; but the blackfellows were still stirring, and the little black boy had yet another thing happen to him. He had almost found his people,—or believed that he had,—and indeed several of them crept close to him in the gloom. He believed it until two of them caught him by his arms, and a harsh voice rasped out: "Ka-kak-kia!"

He was a captive once more, and in worse hands than before. He was likely to lose all his sticks again, and his life too. He knew it, but he behaved with stubborn pluck, and did not utter a sound.

Ka-kak-kia did not intend to kill his prisoner, or to steal sticks from him.

He told him to go and find his friends, and to say that the blackfellows must stop killing one another until after their fight with the white fellows, of all sorts, should be finished. They must act, for a day or so, as if they were friends.

It seemed an unheard-of proposal, but the black boy listened, and at the end of it they let go of him. He gathered all the sticks he had rescued, hugged them tightly, and darted for-

ward, hardly more than half sure that he had not been killed.

His next report was to his lame father, and then all the others of that party knew what had become of their slain comrade. When they heard the strange proposal made by Ka-kak-kia, they at once agreed to it; for short truces are a sort of custom among all their tribes. Then the woods heard cry after cry that must have been understood, for in a very short time the blackfellows of both parties were grouped together around a fire they lighted. But not

sprang to her feet with a frightened exclamation, and she breathed quickly for a moment as she strove to remember where she was. She thought of being brave, too, and drew her revolver out of its case; but it seemed to tremble so much as to be of no use.

There was the river, gleaming in the moonlight. Behind her lay the dark, terrible forest, with its untold dangers. At her side were the two faithful hounds, baying their angry warnings at something yet unseen. Helen's first thought was of the dingos, but then she re-



"NED FELT AS IF HE WERE A KNIGHT-ERRANT GUARDING A PRINCESS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

one of them had anything to cook by it, or was then likely to have, for all the food, found or stolen, in the robbers' camp, had been eaten.

Helen Gordon was suddenly startled from the half nap into which she had fallen. She

remembered the blackfellows. One of the dogs dashed forward, and Helen heard:

"Who could have expected to find you here! Where 's the camp?"

The other dogs followed the first, and Ned Wentworth found himself nearly upset by them.

"Oh, Ned!" cried Helen, half sobbing, as she sprang toward him from the foot of the tree.

"Poor Helen!" exclaimed Ned. "Why, where are all the rest?"

In a few moments she explained.

"We'll start right away," said Ned. "We can get back to the cave by moonlight. There's no more danger in trying it than there is in staying here. You mount, and I'll lead the horse. Come!"

He felt as if he were a knight-errant guarding a princess from giants and dragons. For her part, Helen felt almost cheerful.

"Don't talk, Helen," said Ned; "we must make no more noise than we can help."

Still, they did exchange a few whispered words as they went along.

After Beard left Lady Parry and Hugh, he moved away rapidly, seeming to be laboring under strong excitement or even suffering. It was only a minute or two, however, before they heard a clear, prolonged "Coo-ee-e! Coo-ee-e!" at some distance.

"There," said Hugh. "That must be Beard. It means that we can go right along. Come, Mother, we can get to the cave. Father is safe somewhere. So is Helen. Come! It is not so very far."

"Coo-ee-e!" sounded again, a little more distant.

"Don't you see, Mother?" said Hugh; "Beard is drawing the robbers off."

The three robber-scouts followed the coo-ee-e rapidly, for several minutes, because it was leading them toward their own camp. Then one of them said:

"Jim, it's no use! I'm fagged out. We can't catch anything in the dark. All I was hoping for was to surprise him by a camp-fire or in a shanty."

So they gave up the search; but that coo-ee-e had been heard by the blackfellows also, and had brought them all to their feet except Ka-kak-kia. He had a very good reason for not heeding it.

"Friend," he said; and then he explained to the rest that he knew the voice very well. "Not kill him right away," he said; and all answered, as with one voice, in their own tongue:

"That's the white fellow who can't be killed. He won't die."

Somehow or other, they had all acquired that notion concerning the cave-man.

Hugh helped his mother to mount her horse. The noble animal was more thirsty than weary, and plodded along, keeping his head over Hugh's shoulder, as if afraid of something, he knew not what. Lady Parry was regaining her courage. She had found her son, and she was now going to find her husband.

Her husband, sitting there in the cave, began to feel almost as if he were no better off than before. He was no longer hungry or thirsty. He was too strong a man to be tired, and he was becoming restless.

"I saw him go out in that direction," he remarked, at last. "Maybe I could find that front door without any help. At all events I can't be cooped up here any longer."

He kindled a torch, and tried to find Beard's way out. He went only a step at a time, studying the walls and the pillars, and as he walked, he talked to himself:

"Here are two saddles," he said, "and bridles. He seems to have all sorts of things—firearms and tools. I wonder who he is, and what he is doing here? An escaped convict, most likely. But, then, he did n't wish to do me any harm, and he would n't let me hurt the blackfellow. There's certainly some good in him, and I must n't forget that he saved Hugh's life, and Ned's life, and my own. Hullo! Here's a sort of opening. I'll explore it. Ah—I have put out my torch!"

He had bumped his head, and put out his torch against the low, sloping roof of rock above him.

"It's a pokerish place to creep about in," he went on. "What's that?"

He was suddenly aware that there was somebody else in that narrow passage. He spoke no more aloud, but his thoughts were busy.

"I hear breathing. Some one is surely creeping in. They have found the front door, that he said was so safely hidden. Shall I have to fight a blackfellow in here? It can't be one of the boys. Either of the boys would have spoken. I'd better get out my revolver!"

Hugh at the same moment was making

ready his revolver. For Hugh and his mother had reached and found the front door, and they were creeping into the cave. The boy had also heard some one moving, for he was saying to himself:

"It can't be Ned or Beard!"

"Hugh," said his mother aloud, "I wish I could stand up. Can't you call out and let anybody in there know we are here?"

"Hugh? Hurrah!" And then, knowing her husband's voice, Lady Parry exclaimed:

"Is that you, Frederick? Quick, Hugh! Move faster! You are not hurt, are you?"

"No; wait—I'll relight the torch," said Sir Frederick. "If this is n't the strangest meeting!"

Before long they were standing in front of the fire, and Hugh was heaping it with dry branches from Beard's wood-pile.

"Has n't he a beautiful house, Mother?" Hugh asked, as the brilliant blaze lighted up the cave. "I will go for some water, Father, while you see whether you can get mother something to eat."

"Hugh, take some water out to the horse, if you can," said his mother.

"Of course I will!" said Hugh, promptly.

He picked up the tin kettle, a coil of bark rope, and a torch, and walked far into the cave. His mother's eyes followed him for a moment, and then she turned and put her hands upon Sir Frederick's shoulders, and looked anxiously into his face.

"Fred," she said, "what can have become of Helen? Do you know anything about her?"

"I hoped that both of you had found your way back to camp," replied the baronet, gloomily. "I still hope that she did."

Hardly had he said the words when she heard the barking of the dogs, and Ned and Helen entered the cave.

Ned Wentworth led Nap along through the forest and through the scrubby growth along the foot of the mountain. Helen was no longer thirsty, but she was so weary and faint that she could hardly keep the saddle. Ned himself felt his weariness coming back again, but it was as nothing compared to his anxiety lest he should lose his way. He almost forgot

his fear of the blackfellows in his dread of wandering.

"Here we are, Helen," he exclaimed at last. "I can see the tree. We can leave Nap here, but the danger is n't quite over. Can you walk?"

"I can, for a short distance," said Helen, smiling bravely as he helped her down; "but—I am so tired!"

Off came the saddle and bridle to be hidden in the underbrush, and Nap was turned loose to feed, while Ned, with Helen leaning upon his arm, walked bravely on through what seemed to him their last danger.

"It's over at last," he exclaimed, as they reached the tree. "Now, Helen—" he drew a long breath of dismay at that moment, and exclaimed in a frightened tone:

"Helen! I'm afraid we are too late. The cave has been discovered! Somebody has gone in and left the front door open!"

"But, Ned," said Helen, "see the dogs." For in a flash the dogs had scrambled into the entrance to the cave.

"That's a good sign, I think," said Ned. "I'll go ahead, anyhow, and you creep in after me. Do you dare to follow? It's dark!"

"I'll come, Ned," said Helen, bravely. "I can't stay here by myself."

Ned was already disappearing into the burrow. Helen felt fainter than before, but followed him upon her hands and knees.

"The torch is gone," she heard Ned mutter. "Well, we must go ahead. I'll be ready to shoot. See, there's a light coming. Helen," he added more loudly, "somebody's here. I hope it's Hugh!"

"Who's there?" shouted a deep, gruff, yet somewhat shaky voice. "Speak quickly."

"Who is it?" added a woman's voice. "Is it you, Ned Wentworth?"

"Aunt Maude and Uncle Fred! Both right here in the cave-house!" exclaimed Helen.

"Helen Gordon and Ned!" exclaimed Sir Frederick. "Can it be possible?"

Hugh had hurried with the kettle of water, and was back at the fireplace when the party met at the front door. He saw the dogs, too, and he called:

"Mother, has Ned found Helen?"

"Hugh," came back the voice of Sir Frederick, "they are all found!"

"We are safe," remarked Lady Parry, thankfully; "but—I wish I knew how we are to get back to camp,—and to the Grampians."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WINGS OF THE COFFEE-POT.

LARGE caves are very likely to have branches. Beard's cave, at a first glance, seemed to consist only of the vast hollow which began at the fissure leading into it from under the great tree. The fact, however, that it had a side door proved that it was very much like other caves.

So far as any of Beard's present guests were aware, the space near the fireplace was the most comfortable room in his "house." If it contained no chairs, there were blocks of stone to sit upon. There was no other furniture, not so much as a dinner-table, as the guests remembered when the boy cooks announced that dinner was ready, as they shortly did.

"I'm sleepy, rather than hungry," said Lady Parry, "and I am tired enough to sleep, even on a stone floor."

"Sir Frederick," came, at that moment, from among the group of pillars near the entrance, "will you please step this way for a moment. Ned—you come, too!"

The voice was deep and clear.

"That's Beard!" said Ned. "I'm coming—"

"Come here, Beard," said the baronet.

"No," he replied, "I've another matter on my hands. I am glad you're all safe."

Sir Frederick was a man accustomed to have his own way, but the flush that came to his face was quickly gone, and he arose and went to the cave-man.

"Beard," he said, "come in and speak to Lady Parry and my niece. They wish to thank you—"

"Not now! There is no time!" said Beard, hastily. "In among the stalagmites, yonder, you will find some grass-matting bags, stuffed with moss. They will be better than the rock for ladies to sleep on. Ned, get your gun and come with me."

"All right," said Ned, and he went back for

his gun, although even his tough young muscles had a strained feeling.

"Sir Frederick," continued Beard, "not one of you must venture out while I am gone. The woods are full of dangers. Hugh and Ned must bring me a kettle of water for the horses,—just to wet their mouths a little."

"We'll stay here," said the baronet, and he turned and repeated the warning to Hugh and Ned.

Then he tried to ask Beard a number of questions, but he was altogether unable to obtain from the cave-man any information. So he went back to Lady Parry and Helen. The water was brought, and Ned followed his strange friend out into the open air.

"I know where to find the horses," said Beard. "Just a little taste for each will do, till we get back. I sha'n't be gone long."

Ned crouched in some underbrush while Beard disappeared among the shadows.

"He shut the front door carefully enough," said Ned to himself. "What can he be up to? I can stand it better than Hugh can. I'm tougher, somehow. He's about used up; but then he's stronger than I in pulling or lifting."

Ned had but a short time to wait, and he was almost surprised that nothing happened to him while he was waiting. He was getting so used to having queer things happen that he missed them if they did not come.

"The horses have been needing that water," remarked Beard, when he came gliding back and put down his kettle. "They're all right, and we can find them in the morning. Now, Ned, you and I must go and get some coffee for Lady Parry. We shall get another prize or two besides."

"Coffee?" exclaimed Ned. "Where can we find coffee in those woods?"

"Come with me, and you will soon see," said Beard.

A strange thought entered Ned's mind. He saw that Beard seemed much excited; he hardly appeared like the same man. His motions were nervous and quick, and he spoke rapidly. Could it be possible that the cave-man was losing his reason? Perhaps he lived away out there because he was crazy and could not live with other men. It was a terrible thought, and

Ned forgot his weariness while he watched his companion.

"We 'll get some coffee," repeated Beard. "She 's only a woman, and Helen 's but a young girl. They need more care than men and boys. I 'm glad they are in my house; but they 're not safe yet, by

At that moment there was a rustle in the bushes near them, and Beard stopped short and lowered his rifle from his shoulder. Ned did the same, but the rustling sound went away, a jump at a time, and the cave-man muttered: "It was some animal."

"You saw them tried?" said Ned. "Was he convicted? Did he tell them who he was?" "He was too proud for that," said Beard.

"He went by the name of Rogdon—just a twist of his own name. Yes, he was convicted and sentenced to transportation."

"And he was transported?" said Ned. "Yes," said Beard, "he was sent out here,

any means. I know all about them."

"How do you know all about them?" asked Ned.

"Lady Maude is a noble woman," said Beard, without noticing the question.

"I know about her; I knew a brother of hers, once."

"Did you?" said Ned, eagerly. "What sort of a fellow was he?"

"A most unlucky fellow," said Beard. "A great fool, too. So proud that he was hardly sound in his mind—hot-tempered and obstinate. He got into trouble at home and ran away. He had a stepfather who was not fair to him—or so he thought. Just a fool of a boy, that 's all. He ran away and got into bad company, and he was too green to know how bad it was. They were thieves and counterfeiters, and he had n't been with them three days when they were caught and he was found with them. I was in the court-room when they were tried."

"IT WAS LOWERED SLOWLY AND STEADILY UNTIL HE COULD TAKE HOLD OF IT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to Australia, and his pride was as great as ever. He got away into the bush among the bush-rangers, and he could n't get along—even with them. He seemed to make enemies wherever he went—in short, he was the greatest fool you ever heard of."

"I know," said Ned, as they walked rapidly along, keeping a sharp lookout; "the bush-



rangers are about the worst thieves in all the world."

"That 's so," said Beard; "they are all of that. They are sharp, too. They called Lady Parry's brother Big Red, and whenever anything worse than common was done, they all laid it to him—to Big Red; and the Colony government offered heavy rewards for him, dead or alive."

"What became of him?" asked Ned.

"Oh, they believe he was lost in the woods somewhere!" said Beard, "or else he 's over among the mountains, or in the gold-diggings, or living among the blackfellows where no white men will ever come. It 's years and years since they 've heard of him."

"I guess they must have given him up long ago," said Ned.

"I suppose they have," said Beard; "but he had an older brother that was heir to the family property, so it did not make so much difference."

"He 's in the army and he 's in India," said Ned. "Helen is his daughter. She has lost her mother, and Lady Parry is bringing her up."

"She is a noble woman!" exclaimed Beard.

It had seemed to do him good to tell that story, and he was quieter now; but Ned had only a dim idea of the direction in which they had walked.

"Now, Ned," said Beard, "we 're getting near the coffee-shop. We 've scouted around your old camp by the waterfall. The robbers are there. I 'm going to show you something new pretty soon—my coffee-shop."

"Coffee-shop?" said Ned, and again it occurred to him that Beard must be going crazy.

"Here it is," said Beard about five minutes later; and Ned replied:

"Why, it 's another big tree!"

"Only the stump of one," said Beard, laying aside his rifle. "I want you to stand right here. When I let down anything, you unhitch the rope it 's tied to. It 'll take me quite a while to climb that stump in the dark. The moonshine can't get in here to help me."

Ned now, for the first time, noticed a coil of bark rope that the cave-man carried over his shoulders.

"He is n't climbing the tree," he next remarked; "he is walking away into the woods. I do believe that man 's gone crazy. He 's surely insane!"

Beard seemed to know what he was about, however, for he went very straight to the tree he had first ascended by, when Ned was not there, and up he went into its branches. He crept cautiously along, grasping hard and making sure of his hold. From tree to tree, and up, up, up he went, as if he had been a human orang-outang or a gorilla.

Ned watched with keen anxiety, standing there between the ashes of the old camp-fire and the foot of the stump. He was not looking up, but rather watching the gloom around him lest any enemy should steal in and take him by surprise.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "what 's that?"

He was severely startled, indeed, for something had swung against him with a blow that all but knocked him down.

"It is a saddle!" he said. "Beard has lowered it from the stump."

He felt better as he loosened the loop that held the saddle. There were a bridle and some other things with it. Up went the rope, as soon as it was loose, while Ned remarked to himself: "But that is n't coffee."

A few minutes later, as he gazed upward, he saw something coming down which seemed to glimmer a little. It was lowered slowly and steadily until he could take hold of it.

"It 's a coffee-pot!" he exclaimed. "It 's bigger than the one in our camp, and it is two-thirds full of coffee!"

There was really something startling in receiving a pot of coffee in that manner.

Ned waited patiently, but Beard had finished his errand at the top of the stump and was on his way down. He had quite a number of curious questions to answer, when he again came within Ned's reach.

It did not take him long to find a hiding-place for the saddle and other things, and then he and Ned and the coffee-pot set out for home.

All was very quiet there. The sacks of moss had been found, and Lady Maude and Helen fell asleep upon them as if they had been their own beds—Sir Frederick and Hugh had only

a small sack for their heads to rest upon, the other part of their bed being rock. Both of them tried to keep their eyes open, but it was of no use, and even Yip and the hounds went to sleep. The cave was really the safest sleeping-place in all that wilderness. It was silent, except for the dull roar of the torrent.

"Now, Ned," said Beard, as they plodded along with the coffee-pot, "we are to do a little work that is not without danger. We must get a look at the fellows who are trying to find us. You keep close to me, and be silent!"

Cautiously, stealthily, they went forward, and Ned was trembling with excitement and expectation.

"There," whispered Beard. "They have built a fire. Look sharp now!"

Ned could at first hardly discover the faint glow which his companion had seen; but it grew brighter as they crept nearer, and before long Beard whispered:

"Those are the blackfellows. Both bands are together, now; Ka-kak-kia's band and the other have united. That means just so much greater danger for us. If they were fighting each other we could escape more easily. I'm glad to know they've camped, though, and are not out after us. Come, Ned, it won't do to scout any nearer a camp of blackfellows. Their ears are quicker than a dog's. We must now take a look at the land-pirates."

Ned nodded, without a word, and the cave-man went forward again as if he almost knew the paths of that forest in the dark. He did not have to travel far before he again whispered, "There!" and the glow of another fire began to blend faintly with the gloom of the forest.

"We can venture nearer to them than to blackfellows," said Beard, "but we must n't actually risk anything."

"We must get safe back to the cave with our coffee," replied Ned.

Beard seemed entirely satisfied with what could be seen from under a bush a hundred yards away from the camp. Three of his enemies were lying down, asleep. Two were sitting up, rifle in lap. One was walking around as a sort of patrol. Beyond the glow of their

camp-fire could be dimly seen the glitter of the thundering waterfall. It was a sight well worth coming to see. When they were a little further away, Beard whispered to Ned:

"They mean to come after us—or after me—in the morning; but I don't believe one of them will get back to the gold-diggings. The blackfellows' camp-fire is too near this one. No," he continued. "They won't do any more mining,—or robbing."

Ned thought of the other camp-fire, with the blackfellows around it, but it all seemed much like a dream.

"Come along, Ned," whispered his friend. "I can't quite understand why there is n't anything stirring, here or there. Hist!"

Ned looked toward the land-pirates' camp.

The men on guard, looking out into the dark, could not have seen anything, but a tall, naked human figure passed swiftly, glidingly along, between Beard and Ned and the firelight. He held in his hand a long spear, and he raised it and shook it threateningly.

"He is going to spear one of them!" whispered Ned, excitedly.

"No, he is not," replied Beard. "He is only threatening because he feels like it. They never throw a spear with the bare hand; they pitch them with a throw-stick."

The blackfellow glided along into the darkness, and the men he had threatened had no idea that he had been near enough to have sent his long spear among them.

"Most likely," said Beard, as he and Ned again pushed forward, "the blackfellows will wait and follow them by daylight, when they can do better throwing, and try some plan to attack them separately. That's their way. Of course, they are watching Sir Frederick's camp, but they don't know about the cave."

"Don't you ever get tired?" asked Ned, in a very weary tone of voice.

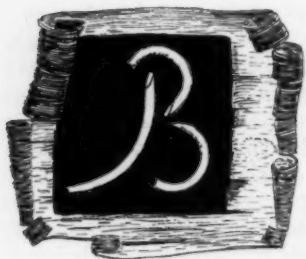
"I hardly know what tire is," replied the cave-man, smiling. "I'm all right. Here we are. Now, you carry in the coffee and tell them how things are. Tell them not to try to leave the cave till I come. I think it would be sure destruction for them to make a start, just now. So remember, Ned."

(To be continued.)

The Beaver's Home



BY TAPPAN ADNEY.



By the river, it was two days' journey in the canoe to the settlements; while straight through the forest it was fully a score of miles, and the railroad was ninety-eight miles away. It was a wild, rough country, a wilderness of firs and spruce and paper-birches; of lakes and trout-streams fringed or choked with alders; in the very heart of the Province of New Brunswick in Canada.

It was the beavers' home — but men had already learned the way there, and wherever men go the same story always may be told. The beavers' wonderful houses, built with such skill and care, were destroyed; the dams were broken and the ponds were drained. Year after year when the trappers returned home, most of the beavers went with them. The few that escaped were those that left their haunts on the more prominent waterways; so when I visited that country, in the summer of 1892, beavers were to be found, with a few exceptions, only in out-of-the-way places on the smaller brooks.

Our camp was on the Serpentine River. My tramps, sometimes alone, sometimes in the company of an old trapper, led twenty miles from home in one direction, and seventeen miles in the other. Everywhere were traces of beavers,

and there are unmistakable signs by which their presence may be known, although the animal itself is rarely seen. For to-day, of their former great numbers, scarcely one in twenty-five remains.

The beaver belongs to that family of which the common house-rat is a member, and in general appearance its body is like that of a giant muskrat. It is the largest of all rodents or "gnawers," the body, when fully grown, being about thirty inches in length, of which the head alone is six inches. The hind feet are large as compared with the front ones, and are webbed like those of a duck, to aid it in swimming. But that feature which is most popularly known is a wide, flat, scale-covered tail that is about five inches across its widest part and adds nearly a foot to its owner's total length. Its shape suggests a trowel, which has led some people to believe it is used as such. But probably its most important use is as a support to the body when the animal sits erect upon its hind legs, as it does when eating and when felling trees.

As in every "gnawer," its skull is armed with two long chisel-like teeth in each jaw. These teeth are exceedingly powerful, and are to a beaver what an ax is to a woodsman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium-sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle, and measures five inches along its outer curve. Only one inch

of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half-circle, and measures upon its outer face four inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as

which keeps it constantly growing. Thus, not only is the natural wearing away provided against, but a certain amount of wear becomes an actual necessity. With such instruments, the beaver is admirably fitted for obtaining its natural food, the bark of shrubs and trees. None of the evergreens are touched, but the more delicately flavored barks of whitewood,



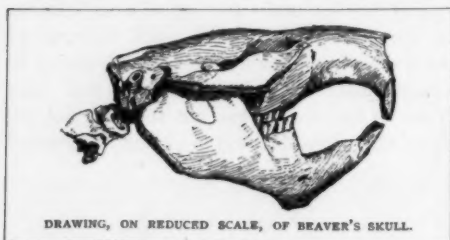
THE HOME OF A FAMILY OF BEAVERS.

chopping down a birch-tree sixteen inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size. The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel; on the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer, wears away with use; the thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length, and is filled with a nourishing substance

moosewood, and alder, and the smaller poplars and maples, are chosen. But especially do they like the inner bark and that on the smaller limbs of the paper- or canoe-birch.

A shrub of an inch thickness is cut down at two or three bites, the top and twigs are bitten off, and the pole dragged away to be peeled. But with a large birch the case is different. With powerful cuts the tree is gnawed into upon every side, and chips like those shown on the next page, and often three inches in length, are strewn about the ground. At each cut the surface of the wood is left as if chiseled with a

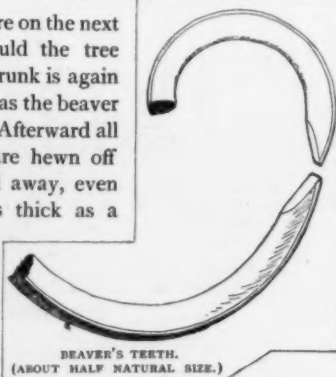
pair of tiny gouges. These are sure signs of beaver-work. The stump is rounded as is shown



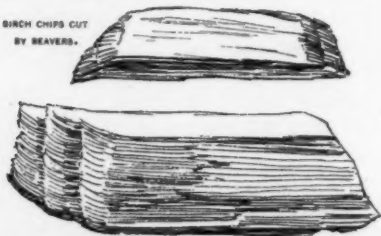
in the picture on the next page. Should the tree lodge, the trunk is again cut as high as the beaver can reach. Afterward all the limbs are hewn off and carried away, even to those as thick as a man's arm.

During the summer days beavers wander about, usually with no fixed abode. They then occupy old houses or holes in the banks of streams, to which latter they also resort when driven from their winter houses by the spring freshets.

These burrows, Indians say, are made by beavers too lazy to build a dam and house—perhaps by old fellows that would not work and were driven out of the



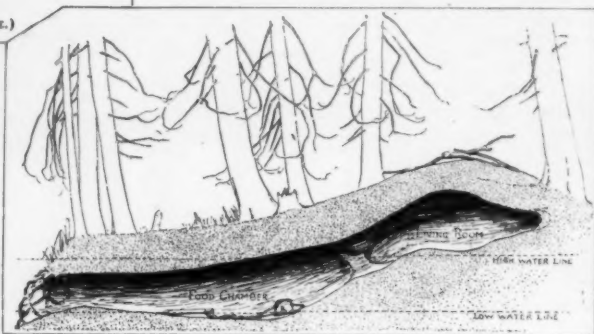
BIRCH CHIPS CUT
BY BEAVERS.



community. The accompanying diagram shows a section of a "bank" beaver's abode on the Deadwaters of the Serpentine River.

The Deadwaters is a natural pond two miles in length, with an average width of half a dozen rods—a perfect place for beavers. It lies between low banks in a flat, broad valley that is covered with an unbroken carpet of moss and a thick growth of scrubby "cat" spruce. Under the blackened roots of a tree that stood at the water's edge, where the bank was but little higher than the water's surface, a dark opening, partly under water, drew my attention one day as I was with much exertion making my way down the Deadwaters on a small raft. The bank was much worn away at the water's edge, as if an otter frequented the place. Curiosity led me ashore. About fifteen feet from the water grew a large tree at the side of a slight elevation. Three or four weather-bleached sticks as large as one's wrist lay upon the summit of the mound. Paths less than a foot wide led from the water's edge, and were lost among the trees. I began digging a hole into the soft earth at the foot of the tree.

A cavity was soon brought to view. It proved to be a nearly circular room, three feet across



and two feet high, hollowed out beneath the arched roots of the tree. Toward the water a large opening extended downward. I pushed my head well into the hole I had made. A glimmer of daylight could be discerned at the end of the low passageway. Getting accustomed to the darkness, there appeared to be a chamber quite smooth on the bottom, four feet across and over a foot high. Near at hand a steel trap lay on the floor. It proved, taken to the daylight, to be an old rusted beaver-trap attached by a rusty chain to a water-soaked stake,



apparently many years old. This hole had been a beaver's house. The trap had been set at the door. A beaver had been caught, perhaps by the toes, had dragged the trap inside, and then pulled loose. The chamber at the end had been the living-room. The larger room had been the food-chamber, where was kept its stock of food wood. The water being low in the stream, the floor of the passageway was barely covered,



BEAVER'S WORK. SHOWN IN A TWIG,
A BRANCH, AND A SAPLING.

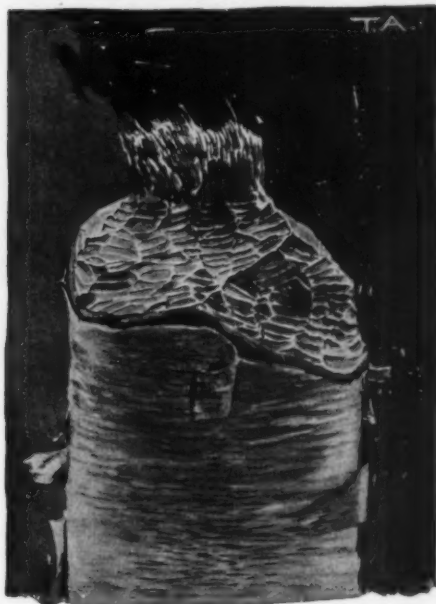
but with two feet more of water its occupant would still have been high and dry in the little room.

There was nothing in the appearance of the ground above to indicate the usual house of a beaver except those sticks. The guileless beaver evidently did not know when to leave well enough alone, for by putting those sticks there, true to its instinct, it plainly said, "Here is a beaver's house."

A mile away, on the same Deadwaters, was a more conspicuous object. About fifty yards from shore, where the pond was widest, among the oval leaves of the lilies that crowded the surface of the water, rose a large mound. The pond was not so deep there but that the lilies could reach the upper air with their yellow stems; and from an elevation that just missed being an island, the mound rose upon a base of twelve feet each way. The foundation was nothing but a pile of sticks, most of them as

large as one's wrist, and peeled and weather-worn; but the body of the structure looked like a pile of dirt—earth and fine vegetable matter—well covered with peeled sticks of considerable age. When it was first discovered and the drawing of it made, there lay upon the summit two short twigs of alder whereon the leaves were turning brown.

I began digging into the beaver's house. The roof was an almost inextricable mass of sticks lying in all directions with earth packed solidly around them. It was not desired to remove the whole pile bodily (though that might have been easier), so it was only by the hardest muscular exertion, breaking out stick after



BIRCH STUMP AS LEFT BY BEAVERS.

stick through more than a foot of the firm and compact roof, that the inside of the house was reached.

What a reeking, soggy hole the rays of the sun lighted up! It was circular in form and three feet across the floor, which was slightly hollow in the middle. The walls rose six inches. Sticks about an inch thick were laid around in building, one upon top of another, like interlocked fingers. Though not woven, in the

sense of the sticks being bent around, nevertheless the surprising smoothness of the wall, together with the even manner in which the sticks had been arranged, suggested the inside of a basket.

Spaces between the sticks were filled in with

that so long as we were there the occupant failed to appear.

As long as warm weather lasts, the beaver lives an easy life, as this one did, disturbed only by the ungainly moose that wades out and shares his crop of lily-stems. But in a country



VIEW OF A BEAVERS' DAM FROM THE LOWER SIDE.

black mud, and whenever the end of a stick had protruded, it had been gnawed off even with the wall. Then the sides were rapidly drawn inward, and ended in a low domed roof about two feet high. At one side of the room, which was only a few inches above the water, a passageway led downward and outward, being the only entrance. A strong odor of beaver filled the room. The occupant had been sitting in the middle of the floor eating the pulpy lily-stems.

After skilfully stripping off their yellow skins, he gathered the shreds into wads which he tucked back out of the way. There was also a freshly cut alder stick, about two feet long, from which every twig had been clipped and part of the bark gnawed off. It evidently had been cut to eat, but the sourish lily-stems tasted better, so it was discarded. It is not necessary to say

where the winters are severe and the snow piles up six to nine feet on a level, he must prepare for the future.

A family of beavers, consisting, perhaps, of a pair of old ones and their children, have eaten everything in the way of bark that can be eaten, and must change their quarters. Selecting a stream where food is abundant, they will build a dam—for a ready-made pond like the one just described is, of course, not to be found every day.

On these northern brooks, alders spring up wherever they find a foothold, often quite choking the stream. Usually mere bushes, they sometimes attain a height of twenty feet and a diameter of six inches, and take entire possession. Such places a beaver loves, for they furnish an abundant building material, and help to hold their dams in place. At the point

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chosen for the dam, sticks are cut of varying size and laid in the brook, butts pointing downstream. Others are laid on top of these, not always parallel, but in every direction, yet moderately smooth on the lower side. Dirt, sticks, and stones are piled on top, then more sticks, until there rises an irregular, narrow pile of brush and dirt, the whole thoroughly matted together.

Groups of alders standing in midstream are taken in whenever it is possible, and to obtain the support of these, a dam may change its direction several times. Freshets cannot tear them away. As the dam grows higher, the water begins to flow around the ends. So the dam is added to, bit by bit, until even in a

occupied by beavers. It must have been built many years. It was about three feet high, and built around clumps of giant alders growing in the bed of the brook. Sediment and fine driftwood had in time gathered upon it, and a rank growth of weeds and grass had taken possession of the crest. Thus even a new dam is soon obscured, and the alders grow so thickly about it that usually there is little to be seen of any beaver-dam. Photographs rarely show anything of the structure.

Upon an elevation in such a pond, just covered by the water, the beavers build their house, after the manner of the one just described, except, however, that the usual house, when newly built and covered with fresh-cut limbs, resem-



A BEAVER'S HOME—SHOWING SUPPLY OF FOOD WOOD.

small brook it may reach a length of three or four hundred feet,—in some places a slight ridge that one would scarcely notice, in others a pretentious structure, two or three, and sometimes five or six, feet high, over which the water trickles.

The picture on page 612 shows a dam recently

bles more a heap of brushwood. But in the case of the house on the Deadwaters, mud was a building material more plentiful than alders. A family apartment, accommodating five or six, may be six or seven feet across the floor, or "shelf," while the walls are built up to the height of a foot. Poles (some of which are as

large as one's wrist), laid slantingly upward and covered with earth, and other sticks to a thickness of over a foot, compose the roof of the chamber, which is three or four feet from floor to ceiling. Between the sticks at the peak is space for ventilation. Each member of the



A BEAVER PATH.

family owns a bed, which it lines warmly with grass or shreds of poplar wood split as fine as if for basket-work. There are several exits under water for additional safety. Another purpose of the pond becomes apparent. The bed of a beaver-pond is shown in the picture on page 613. The dam, a long, grass-grown ridge, three feet high in the middle, was destroyed a few years ago, and now only a tiny stream of water courses through the black, muddy bottom. Fir-trees, killed by the rising water when the pond first was made, stand with gray, mossy limbs and broken tops, like specters against the dark background of the evergreen woods. Some have fallen prostrate into the

pond, and beavers have trimmed off the limbs so that their motions under water might not be impeded. But in the middle of the pond is a fan-shaped pile of brush,—all the butts pointing toward the entrance of the house. There is a wagon-load of it—the store of winter's food, covered with water and ice before the pond was drained. Every stick had been cut in the surrounding woods and dragged separately to that place. Paths, a little less than a foot in width, lead back a distance of a quarter of a mile from the stream. These paths are found in every beaver settlement. The birches and whitewoods are separated from the resinous evergreens, and dragged along these little roads. Saplings growing in the way are chopped off close to the ground. In one place where a large pine log lay across their hauling road, a section of solid wood a foot wide and six inches deep was cut out. Indeed, when large logs fall across their ponds, an entire section is sometimes removed for the passage of their bodies.

This pond was the most important in that whole settlement,—one of a series of ten or twelve,—occupied before its destruction by a very large family of beavers.

At the head of the big pond, a short dam, backing the water three or four rods, was thrown across the stream. Above was a third dam. Neither contained houses—they were for storage, and belonged to the family living below. But at the head of the last pond was a large dam, in which there was a house, and above that were several smaller ponds. In the other direction, below the first big pond, there were five more, one containing a house. Thus there was made a continuous deep waterway on a brook that otherwise could not sustain a six-inch trout in comfort.

Only four years ago this had been a great, flourishing community. A white man found it first, and of course talked of it. At his heels came Indians, who captured every beaver but two, and left scarcely a dam undestroyed. Two years afterward the two that had escaped shared the fate of their kindred. Such is everywhere the story of the beaver. Soon there will be none left.

In winter, secure in his thick-walled house and with a storehouse of food locked beneath

the ice, the beaver lives at ease. But at every thaw he comes forth and works, in sunshine and rain, until the cold drives him back. The snow is said to melt upon the tops of their

houses from the animal heat within. So, while the world outside is cold and cheerless, the beaver is warm and comfortable in his dark home under the snow.

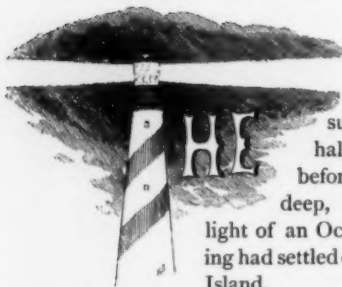
HER THEATER HAT.



A vain little, plain little woman each day
 Would don her big theater hat,
 And then, while she looked at the glass, she would say:
 "Why, I can't be as pretty as that!"

FRANK PINKHAM, REPORTER.

By JOHN Z. ROGERS.



sun had set half an hour before, and the deep, heavy twilight of an October evening had settled over Moose Island.

According to his custom when his father was away fishing, Frank Pinkham, the only son of the lighthouse-keeper, had lighted the lamps, made the lighthouse tidy, and brought in the wood and water from the shed; then he had walked to the seaward side of the little island, and seated himself on the rocks. He did not notice the schooners sailing up and down the coast, the larger vessels farther out at sea, nor the huge waves that came rolling in and broke into spray against the rocks, casting their foam high in the air. He was deep in thought.

Moose Island was two miles from the mainland, six from the nearest post- or telegraph-office, and a score from a town of any size. Frank had passed the whole of his fifteen years within the shadow of the tall lighthouse tower. He attended school every day when the weather permitted, rowing or sailing to the shore, and then walking three miles to the district school-house. When not in school, he "did the chores" about the island,—cleaned the lamps, milked the cow, and assisted his father in fishing. For amusement, Frank shot plover and peep along the shore in summer, and black ducks in the fall; while in the winter he devoted his spare time to reading eagerly the meager literature that found its way to the lighthouse island.

He was large for his age, and unusually bright and active. He stood at the head of his class, and had learned about all his teacher could teach him. He was also a good wing-shot, and few men could excel him in sailing

a whale-boat, or in baiting or under-running a trawl-net. For some time he had been tired of the life of a light-keeper, and he shrank from the prospect of succeeding his father and spending his life in such uneventful solitude. His ambition was to go to the city and there begin a business career, so that in a few years he could fill a good position, and take his father, mother, and sister Mary to live with him. What he was fitted for, he did not really know; but he felt sure he could succeed at something.

In the preceding June, his father had received a letter from a Mr. Matthews who wished to board at the lighthouse in August; and, although the keeper had never taken boarders, in this case he made an exception to his rule. The gentleman wrote that he wished to fish, shoot, and rough it generally, and was not particular about his board, provided he had plenty of fish and milk and eggs.

So Mr. Matthews came down to Moose Island, and passed a month, greatly to the satisfaction of the family. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and he possessed a fund of information and good nature that made him a very interesting talker.

Mr. Matthews and Frank soon became constant companions, and passed the long summer days in company. They sailed up and down the coast, shot plover and peep, and caught haddock, cod, and flounders. They usually spent all day away from the island, taking luncheon with them. They made their dinner of fish, clams, and lobsters, with ears of corn cooked over a fire of driftwood. Dinner over, they would lie on the rocks or grass, and pass the time in quiet talk till the sun began to near the horizon. Then they would return to their little craft, hoist the sail, and lay their homeward course for Moose Island.

Mr. Matthews soon perceived that Frank had not only a strong desire to better his position in life, but also a keener intellect and judgment than would be found in most boys with no greater advantages. He was the editor of a western newspaper; and Frank was never so happy as when listening to stories of newspaper life, and descriptions of how the great daily papers are made. His friend explained to him every detail of the business—how the news was gathered from all parts of the world, the portion the reporters and correspondents obtained, and how those enterprising helpers were paid for it according to its "exclusiveness," its quality, and the work and ingenuity involved in securing it.

"While a finished education is very desirable, it is not really necessary," Mr. Matthews replied. "The things necessary are wide-open eyes and ears, a good common-school education, a strong constitution, and lots of ambition and energy. You might make a good reporter, Frank; and if you lived in a larger place you might soon commence as a correspondent. There is not much news here; but if a ship should come ashore, a daily would be glad to pay you for a good telegraphic account of the wreck."

These remarks made a deep impression upon Frank. Mentally resolving to be a reporter some time, he asked so many questions about



"AS HE NEARS THE LADDER, HE SPRINGS FOR IT, CATCHES IT, AND CLIMBS SAFELY TO THE DECK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

One evening as they were sitting before the fire in the lighthouse cottage, Frank remarked in a questioning way: "I suppose a fellow must be well educated in order to start as a reporter?"

newspaper work during the editor's visit, that had their boarder been less patient and obliging, he would have tired of answering them all.

At the expiration of Mr. Matthews's vacation,

Frank drove him to the nearest railway station. Mr. Matthews's last remark was:

"Well, Frank, keep on studying, and don't be discouraged. You will be a reporter one of these days!"

"Good luck, Mr. Matthews! Come again," Frank answered. Then he drove slowly homeward, resolving that his friend's parting words should come true.

From this time, Frank lived in the future and in the hope of being a newspaper man. He was on the free list of Mr. Matthews's paper, and every evening he not only read it carefully, but studied its contents and its make-up.

At night, after his work was done, he would go to the edge of the island, and perching himself on the rocks, would remain there dreaming until his father returned from fishing.

One evening he sat longer than usual, as his father was late in returning. Frank was beginning to feel anxious; for the wind, which had been blowing fresh all day, was steadily increasing, and there were signs of an approaching northeast gale. But in a little while he saw the "Black Bird's" lights as she rounded the point, and in a few minutes he had jumped aboard. He helped his father to take in the sails, and make things snug for the night.

As they returned to the house, Mr. Pinkham said: "If I'm not mistaken, we'll have the heaviest nor'easter to-night and to-morrow I ever saw at this time of the year."

The prediction proved to be correct, and in a few hours the storm began. It shook the lighthouse till the tower seemed about to topple over, and the great waves came breaking upon the boulders with a noise like thunder. Their spray was cast against the house, though it was fully a hundred feet back from the rocks.

The next morning the storm was still at its height, but it had already accomplished its work—about a mile and a half from the island, a large ship was fast aground on the Southern Reefs.

At noon the weather cleared a little, the storm began to abate, and the wreck could easily be made out. The ship, a large vessel of fully two thousand tons, rested on an even keel, but was wedged tightly between great jagged rocks that were grinding their way

through her timbers. She had evidently been through a terrible night. Her mizzenmast was gone, all her boats had been washed away, and the crew were just beginning to venture from the rigging, where they had lashed themselves to prevent being swept away by the breakers.

As Frank stood looking at the wreck, the remark that Mr. Matthews had made returned to his mind—"There is not much news here; but if a ship should come ashore, a daily would be glad to pay you for a good telegraphic account of the wreck."

Here was a chance to make a beginning as a reporter—a chance to which he had been looking forward, believing that it would not present itself for years.

He rushed excitedly to the boats, and pushing a dory down the shelving beach, never thinking to ask permission or even to leave word where he was going, jumped in and rowed for the wreck. It was hard pulling against the heavy wind, and through the rough water. His arms ached as they had never ached before; but he tugged at the oars, seeming at times to make scarcely any progress.

An hour later, while gazing through his glass at the wreck, his father was amazed to see Frank and the dory. The tiny boat was then bobbing up and down like a cork, about half a mile from the wreck. What could have possessed him that he should undertake so dangerous a trip—and why had he not asked permission? It was not like him to do such a thing. His father watched him through the glass, and groaned as the dory disappeared behind a wave and was lost to view for several seconds.

He saw Frank approach the ship, the dory now at the crest of a wave on a level with her deck, and then fifteen feet below in a hollow. How can he board her? A ladder is thrown over the side; he stands in his dory, the boat is raised by a wave, and Frank throws the painter aboard. As he nears the ladder, he springs for it, catches it, and climbs safely to the deck!

If Captain Connelton, of the good ship "Princess Annie," was surprised to see a mere boy alight on his deck after that perilous feat, he was much more surprised at the business-

like rapidity with which questions were asked regarding the port from which the Princess Annie had sailed, where she was bound, who owned her, what was her value, her cargo, and so on. His catechism completed, Frank started at once to return, offering to take with him a sailor who could bring back the other dory, and be ready to take the sailors ashore as soon as the sea went down.

The return trip was quickly made; but not till Frank had arrived at the island, and was greeted as one who had had a narrow escape from death, did he realize the danger of his trip.

It was then important to reach the telegraph-office as soon as possible. To this trip his father had no objections, for the row to the mainland was through comparatively sheltered water, and besides, the wind was rapidly subsiding. Yet it was a hard row, and a still harder walk, that Frank had before him, and he was a very tired boy as he entered the telegraph-office, late in the afternoon. The operator was obliging, as most operators are, and he also knew something of newspaper correspondence. In a few minutes this message had been sent to the managing editor of one of the great dailies:

Full account wreck of big ship. Do you want it?

In half an hour the answer came clicking over the wires:

Rush one thousand words of wreck.

The next morning that managing editor's paper was the only one having the news,—and so it gained what newspaper men call a "scoop" over its rivals, who knew nothing of the details of the wreck, by printing a long account of how the Princess Annie, owned in New York, from Hong Kong and for Portland, with a cargo of tea, rags, bamboo, and pottery, worth half a million dollars, had gone ashore the day before on the Southern Reefs near Moose Island, and would probably break up within twenty-four hours and be a total loss.

The last portion of the Princess Annie had disappeared the next day; and at the request of the editor Frank sent another despatch announcing the fact.

A week later he received a check for a goodly sum.

Of course, Frank Pinkham succeeded in his desire to become a newspaper man. No boy having his determination could have failed. He is now city editor upon the daily to which he sent that first despatch from Moose Island.

THE WEATHER-MAP OF THE OCEAN.

By E. W. STURDY, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, U. S. N.



IN the interesting article, "Learning to be Weather Prophets," which appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS* last October, the young people found a very clear account of the method by which the Weather Bureau at Washington collects and sends throughout the country much valuable information about the weather.

To the people who live on shore the Weather

Map is, of course, a great boon, and their interests are often greatly served by such seasonable knowledge.

But there is another class of men—men who spend most of their lives on the ocean, and they need a report which, though not unlike that furnished for the dwellers on land, is yet of a different nature.

The Weather Bureau in its published charts comes down to the sea. Then the Hydrographic Office of the Navy takes up the work, and, for the benefit of the navigators of the

Atlantic Ocean, collects regularly and systematically facts which, collected in what is known as the North Atlantic Pilot Chart, give the seafaring men one of the most valued publications issued by any nation on earth. In truth, there is no similar work that can be in any way compared with it: none so much sought for, none which receives such willing aid from the masters of vessels afloat. To the Division of Marine Meteorology in the Hydrographic Office come regular reports from more than 2500 vessels of every nation. There is not a flag afloat from whose representatives records are not received. Many foreign men-of-war give their assistance, and this would not usually be accorded unless the results were both useful and accurate. To all vessels forms and envelopes are furnished free of charge, and every aid is given to render as light as possible the task which they undertake. On these meteorological forms, as they are called, are recorded by the observers the direction and the force of winds, the figures shown by barometer, thermometer, and so on, as they are each day at noon. The date and place of running into and leaving fog; the exact locality of icebergs or floating ice seen during the voyage; every wreck, every buoy adrift, and all unusual things floating in the water which might injure a vessel striking them, are also located as accurately as possible. In the event of unusually severe storms, like the cyclones of which you have all heard, records are made on special forms furnished. If the vessel's commander tries to lessen the danger from waves by the use of oil on the water,—a means of safety which is much encouraged,—his experience is recorded on a form especially printed for that purpose.

Finally, in order to add to the knowledge of ocean currents, there are forms which are called "bottle papers." On these little papers an invitation, in six languages, is extended to the masters of vessels to enter occasionally upon the proper lines of the form the name of the vessel and her captain, the date, and the ship's position; and then to seal the paper in a bottle and cast it into the sea. In other lines of this form a request is made, in the same six languages, that the finder will write clearly the exact place where, and date when, any bottle

was picked up, and by whom, and then forward it to the Hydrographic Office at Washington, or to any of our consulates abroad. These bottles, of course, drift in the ocean currents. Some are picked up soon after they are thrown overboard, others drift for more than a year before being recovered. They furnish valuable records for more correctly fixing the currents already known.

Day after day these reports are received by the meteorological office; each one is acknowledged promptly, and then given to the staff of workers known as nautical experts.

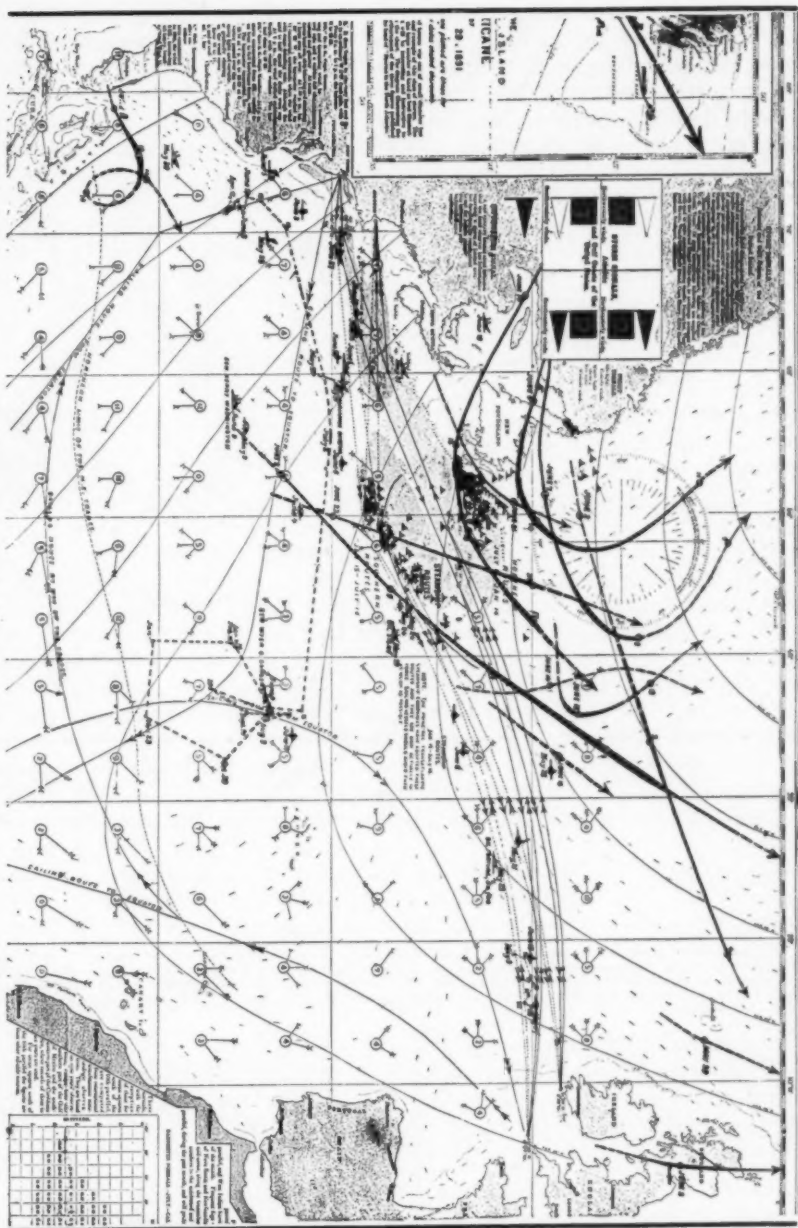
The result of their labor is that on the last day of every month is issued a chart on which appears all the information received during the month that has gone. The chart, then, contains a review of the past month, and a forecast for the month that is to follow.

The prevailing winds to be expected, and their strength, as foretold by men of many years of experience, are also given for the month to come. The various sailing-routes best adapted for that month are mapped out, as well as the steamship routes adopted by the principal transatlantic steamship companies. Every floating wreck, with its position when last reported; each iceberg in its place as met with during the preceding month, and the fog-banks, determined in the same way, are fixed and shown by marks. Besides all this, the latest charts that have been issued by the office, and the last "Notices to Mariners," are mentioned. In the upper left-hand corner is either a little chart prepared in addition on some subject of timely interest, or some further remarks about things upon the great chart itself.

On every chart is printed information regarding the storm signals of the United States coast, and directions to be followed in the event of being caught in hurricanes.

Nor is this all. So much information is generally at hand which is sure to be useful to the mariners, that very often a supplement is published to accompany the chart proper.

Every month 3500 of these charts are printed and sent out to the branch offices and to individuals. These branch offices are at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, San Francisco, and



The heavy dark lines ending in arrowheads show storm tracks, and are thicker where the storm is more violent; a small circle in these lines shows the place of the storm at a date given in figures. Wrecks and drifting vessels are indicated by a symbol and the name of the ship. The lines from shore to shore are steamer-routes. The prevailing winds at each place are to be judged by the little arrows fixed to the regularly arranged circles. The date of observation is known by the figure in each circle, and the force of wind by the number of "feathers" on each arrow. Icebergs are shown by little pictures. In the left-hand upper corner is a part of a separate view of the track of an especially notable storm. Other signs are explained by words in the map, or will be understood readily. [It is not necessary, in examining this greatly-reduced chart, to try to read the matter (in impossible type) at the sides.]

Portland, Oregon. Each is supplied with an outfit of charts, books of sailing-directions, and so forth, and to them the masters of vessels are invited to bring instruments for correction; here they may seek information, which is gladly furnished them without charge, and here they obtain free copies of the pilot charts. To the

so that they may obtain the latest news before they sail.

The value of the work done by the Hydrographic Office in this way is again and again learned from the commanding officers both of "ocean greyhounds" and of old-time sailing vessels. In foreign periodicals unstinted praise

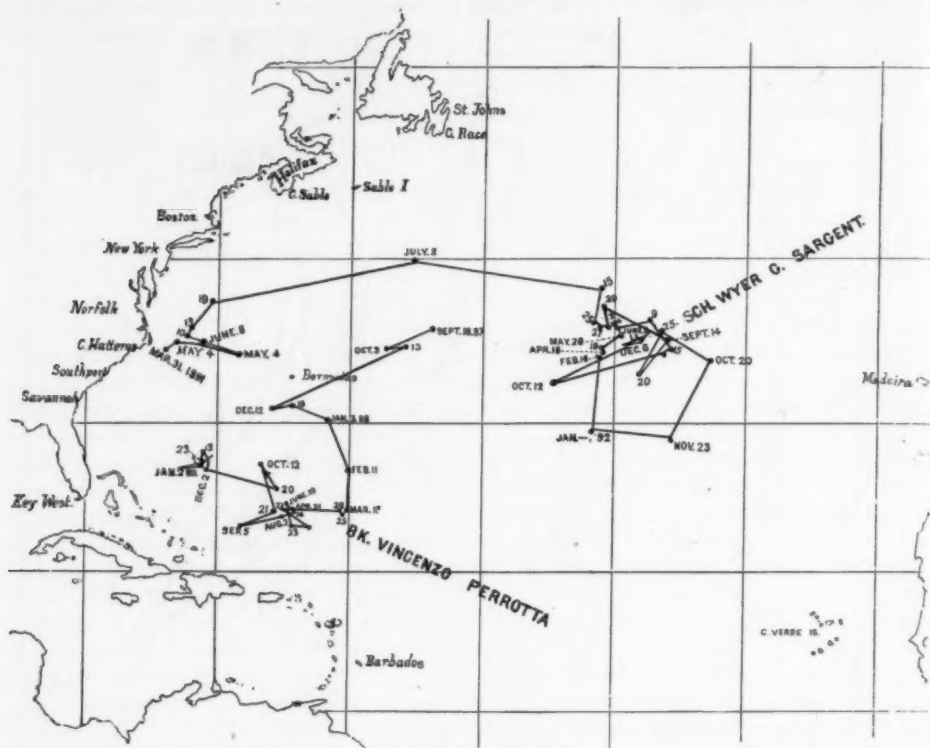


CHART OF TWO WRECKS.

This chart shows clearly two records of drifting wrecks—the bark "Vincenzo Perrotta," and the schooner "Wyer G. Sargent." Following the track of the schooner, we see that she was wrecked east of Cape Hatteras, March 31, 1891, and the wreck, after being from time to time reported, as shown by the dots and dates, was last seen, nearly in mid-ocean, on December 6, 1892—one year and eight months later. The other wreck, the bark, seems to have been afloat a year and four months. It will be noticed that each vessel more than once doubled on its track.

Wednesday and Saturday steamers leaving New York and Boston especial attention is given. The pilot charts are sent to them by special delivery, when necessary, and their messengers wait at the branch offices until the last possible moment

and admiration are awarded to the American energy which has developed so striking an enterprise, and has brought it to so successful an issue. Even a brief study of the charts will be interesting and instructive to St. NICHOLAS readers.



THE APPLE of ARABIA'S EYE

BY DINAH SHARPE.

IN Arabia, many years ago, there dwelt a mare called Ansha, renowned throughout the length and breadth of the desert for her surpassing beauty, her unrivaled speed, and her marvelous endurance. Khan Ali was her master, and he loved her, and was proud of her high repute; and she loved Khan Ali well, and was proud to do his bidding. Many coveted her, but all the gold yet offered in all the land had not tempted Khan Ali to part with his treasure. His coffers swelled with many wagers won, for at a word or sign from her master, Ansha showed her paces and won all races against the best and fleetest of Arabia's horses, until she came to be called "The Apple of Arabia's Eye."

One day to Khan Ali came word from the Governor of Trebizond, that a rich Count from a far country had arrived for the sole purpose of seeing, and perhaps of buying, the beautiful mare Ansha. The Count was waiting at the Governor's house for her and her master. For many leagues by night and by day across the burning desert and through the burning sands flew Ansha, bearing her beloved master to answer the Governor's commands. They traveled with little rest, and arrived very worn and weary, so that when Khan Ali had alighted Ansha drew her four feet together under her,

after the peculiar manner of Arabian horses, her head drooped over, and her little ears, so sharp and pointed when erect, seemed to unfold, and fell down long, like the ears of an ass.

And thus she fell asleep. Khan Ali also stood to rest himself, and shaking from the folds of his burnoose the sand of the desert, and its fine impalpable dust, with a sigh of relief he drew forth his pipe, and proceeded to light it. Soon he felt the ground tremble under him, and lifting his eyes, saw a line of horsemen approaching. Passing through the gate which gave them entrance to the inclosure appointed for the rendezvous, they beheld the travel-stained Arabian and the sleeping mare, and said to Khan Ali:

"We have come to see Ansha, the famed 'Apple of Arabia's Eye.'"

With salaams and an indicating gesture, Khan Ali said:

"Do you wish to try her speed?"

"What!—*now!*—when she is so nearly dead with fatigue?"

"Yes, Effendi, now. You see that tree, a mile or so distant? I will give you a fair start and we shall then see who will reach it first."

Being freshly mounted, they assented with smiling disdain to so easy a race and so sure a victory, and started their horses on a dead run. Before they had gone one quarter the distance, the mare passed them with easy strides; and as they began the last quarter of the distance, they looked far ahead. There sat the Arab

on the motionless mare, under the appointed tree, coolly filling his pipe,—both man and mare in an attitude of easy waiting. Together, they all returned to the rendezvous; the Count who had come to buy determined on the purchase, and keeping close to Khan Ali, said:

"You are willing to sell this mare?"

"Yes, Effendi."

"How much do you want for her?"

"As much gold as a man can lift!"

A strong bag was brought, and the servants of the Count were beckoned to approach. They began to empty their saddle-bags, and the gold coins were poured, clinking and tinkling with a merry sound, into the bag held open to receive them. When it was nearly full, the Arab lifted it, but it came off the ground too easily. Shaking his head with dissatisfaction, he again opened the bag, and held it toward them. More gold was piled into its capacious mouth, and now, with all the Arab's strength, he could barely lift it from the ground—so he was satisfied. Then the Governor of Trebizond said to the Arab:

"Khan Ali, you give this mare, Ansha, in exchange for this bag of gold, to the Count?"

"By the beard of Mahomet! I do vow that I give my mare, Ansha, in exchange for this bag of gold, to the Count!" Repeating "By the beard of Mahomet" three times, he picked up the bag, and staggering under its weight, walked off. The gate clicked to behind him, and the mare standing quietly, held by the Count's groom, lifted her head high at the sound. With deepest interest and admiration, the group of men surrounded her, commenting upon her extraordinary beauty—for now she stood erect, with her ears pointed forward and her nostrils quivering. Suddenly a sharp, shrill whistle was heard, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the mare had wrenched her head loose from the hand that held her, had leaped the fence, and with incredible speed was beside her master before any one could reach the gate. In a moment Khan Ali mounted and was flying on Ansha's back, with the bag of gold resting on his saddle-bow; in another, only a cloud of dust remained to indicate the direction of their sudden disappearance. Consternation reigned among the group so unceremoniously left behind; and threats deep and dire followed the

Arab thief who had so shamefully outwitted them. Then said the Governor of Trebizond:

"How many pounds of gold did Khan Ali lift?"

"At least one hundred and fifty pounds were in that bag."

"Then Khan Ali carried away a large sum of money?"

The Count, in reply, named a sum equal to some \$45,000 in American money.

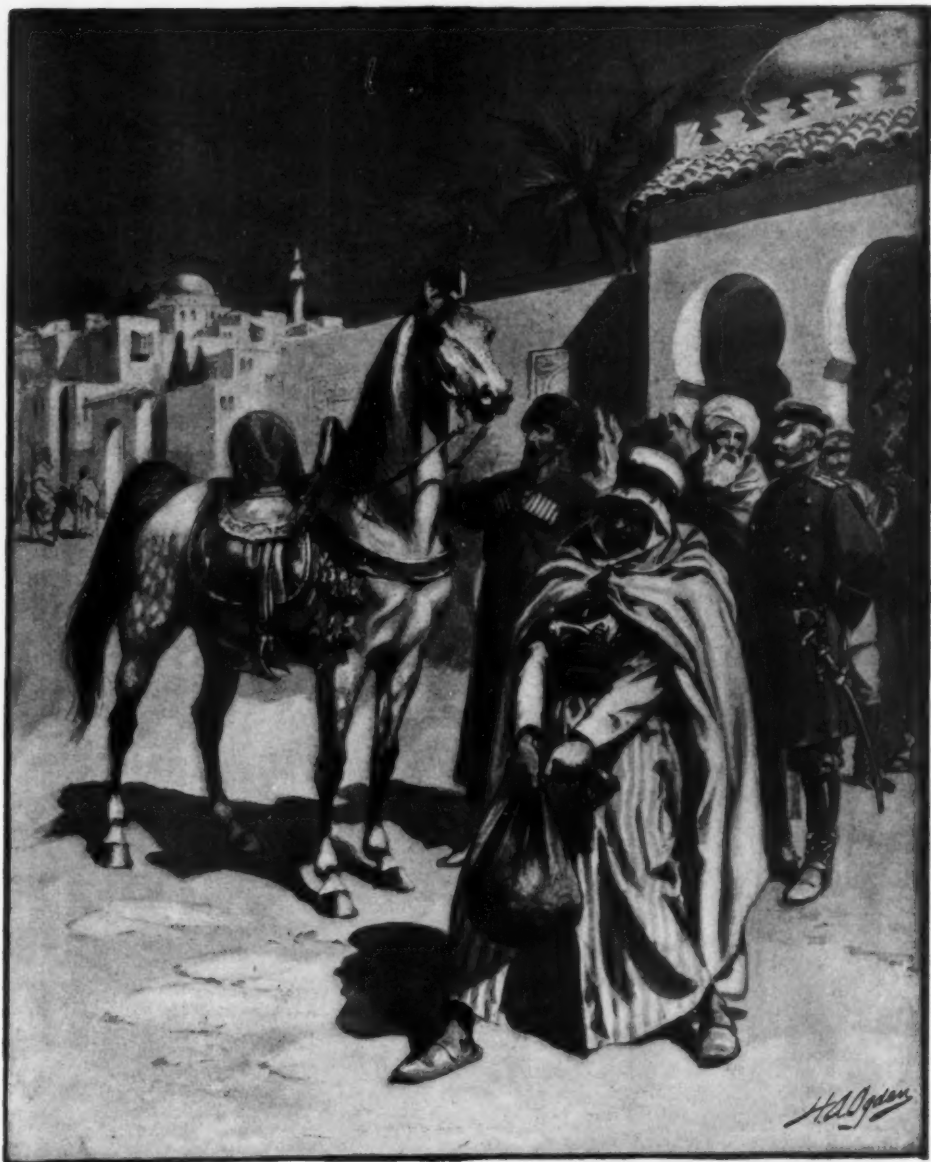
"Well, Count, you shall have the mare or the gold. I promise that the Arab shall return. You have all heard him swear 'By the beard of Mahomet' three times?"

"Yes, Most Wise, we heard him swear it three times."

"He shall return to you here; but you must wait, and I will gladly be your host until he comes. Will you accept this arrangement?"

"With great pleasure, your Excellency."

They waited. A week passed—two weeks—three weeks had dragged by their weary length, lightened only by such diversions as the kindly Governor could command. At last, at the end of the fourth week, came meekly walking into the courtyard, Khan Ali, leading a mule. Beside him was the famous mare, Ansha, magnificently caparisoned. Gold lace was about her neck, and a bridle of exquisite workmanship adorned her head. The saddle-cloth was of finest embroidery, and the saddle a marvel of skill, while the stirrups were finely carved, and all the trappings gleamed with jewels and golden fringe. The unhappy Khan Ali, covered with dust, abject and conscience-stricken, had returned, and begged to see the Count. The sudden appearance of the strange trio was soon noised about, and the Governor and his guests hastened to the courtyard. Khan Ali, lifting Ansha's bridle-rein, placed it in the hands of the Count, and with a cry for mercy and pardon, besought him to take the mare. The Count, mindful of his late experience, promptly led Ansha to the stable, and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket. Returning, he questioned the repentant Arab; and Khan Ali, with many tears and sighs, related how the wretched gold so dishonestly obtained had brought him only keenest misery. The story of the theft spread far and wide, and preceded him everywhere. All



"KHAN ALI PICKED UP THE BAG AND, STAGGERING UNDER ITS WEIGHT, WALKED OFF."

distrusted the man who broke his promise. He could make no trades, he could neither buy nor sell; his wife and children, notwithstanding the great heap of gold the good Count had given him, were starving. Mahomet was angry, for had he not broken his most

solemn vow? He would thank the Count to take his pet—his blessing—and he had covered her with gorgeous trappings. He had heard that the Count loved horses, and was good to them, and—"Oh! would the Count be kind to his Ansha?"

Then suddenly turning, and no longer seeing the mare, he rent his burnoose, he tore his hair, and, flinging himself on the ground, face downward, gave utterance to his heartrending grief. In vain did the group of bystanders try to comfort him. In vain they showed him the good horse the Count had left for him to ride home, instead of the mule; he still moaned, and would not be comforted. And when, two hours

later, the little procession of horsemen filed past him and he saw for the last time his beloved Ansha, and heard her farewell whinny, his lamentations redoubled. They were the last sounds that reached the ears of the departing cavalcade.

Thus came the famous Arabian mare into Europe, and her descendants are among the most noted horses on European soil.



A RIDE IN CENTRAL PARK.

FROM HAKLUYT'S "VOYAGES."

SELECTIONS BY FLORENCE WATTERS SNEDEKER.

IN the days of Queen Bess lived Richard Hakluyt, to whom England was "more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age."

Not that he was statesman, soldier, or even sailor. He was a preacher. He never saw the marvelous New World. But it was the passion of his life. He incited merchants and noblemen to expeditions and "plantings." He knew the "chiefest captains . . . and best mariners" of England, "and he published their reports, together with many other narratives, letters, translations, and treatises, in the great volume of his *Voyages*."

The voyages were written by mariners and captains, merchants and gentlemen, mechanics and knights. They tell of expeditions undertaken for greed of gold, for thirst of adventure, for hatred of Spain, for love of England, for the glory of God. They give pictures of those wonderful times, from Queen Elizabeth waving Frobisher farewell, to poor Job Horstop, gunner, sitting down in his old age to write the woeful tale of his labors and troubles.

Hakluyt's "*Voyages*" have been called "the great prose epic of the English nation." Charles Kingsley's "*Westward Ho!*" is largely drawn from them, and may well be read in connection with them for understanding of the times.

Sir Walter Raleigh, brilliant courtier and soldier as he was, was mariner as well. The New World filled his imagination, and seemed to promise him adventure, gold, and fame. He sent thither various expeditions. With several he went in person, notably in the romantic search for the land of gold.

His first expedition was sent in 1584—two barks under Philip Armadas and Arthur Barlow. One of these captains sent to Sir Walter the following glowing account of the voyage.

VIRGINIA.

THE twenty-seventh day of April, 1584, we departed the west of England, with two barks well furnished with men and victuals.

The tenth of May we arrived at the Canaries, and the tenth of June we were fallen in with the islands of the West Indies. At which islands we found the air unwholesome, and our men grew ill; so, having refreshed ourselves, with sweet water and fresh victual, we departed.

The second of July, we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell, as if we had been in some delicate garden abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers; by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant. And, keeping good watch, and bearing but slack sail, we arrived upon the coast. We sailed along a hundred and twenty English miles before we could find any entrance, or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered, though not without some difficulty, and cast anchor about three harquebus shot within the haven's mouth. And, after thanks given to

God for our safe arrival thither, we manned our boat, and went to take possession in the name of the Queen's most excellent majesty.

Which, being performed, we viewed the land about us, being very sandy and low toward the water's side; but so full of grapes, as that the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed with them; of which we found plenty of vines, both on the sand and on the green hills, in the plains, as well on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the top of high cedars.

We passed from the seaside towards the tops of those hills next adjoining, and from thence we beheld the sea on both sides. This land we found to be but an island of twenty miles long, and not above six miles broad. We beheld the valleys replenished with goodly cedar trees; and, having discharged our harquebus shot, such a flock of cranes, the most part white, arose under us, with such a cry, and many echoes, as if an army of men had shouted all together.

This island had many goodly woods full of deer, conies, hares and fowl; even in the midst of summer, in incredible abundance. The woods are not barren and fruitless, but the

him a shirt, a hat, and some other things; and made him taste of our wine and our meat, which he liked very well. And, having viewed both barks, he departed.



"HE BECKONED US TO COME AND SIT BY HIM."

highest and reddest cedars of the world; pines, cypress, sassafras, the tree that beareth the rind of black cinnamon, of which Master Winter brought from the straits of Magellan; and many others of excellent smell and quality.

We remained two whole days before we saw any people of the country.

The third day we espied one small boat rowing towards us, having in it three people. This boat came to the island side, four harquebus shot from our ship; and there two of the people remaining, the third came along the shoreside towards us.

Then the master of the "Admiral," Simon Ferdinando, and the captain, Philip Armadas, and myself and others rowed to the land. Whose coming this fellow attended, never making any show of fear or doubt.

And, after he had spoken of many things not understood by us, we brought him, with his own good liking, aboard the ships; and gave

The next day there came unto us divers boats, and in one of them the king's brother, accompanied with forty or fifty men; very handsome and goodly people, and in their behavior as mannerly and civil as any of Europe. His name was Granganimeo, and the king is called Wingina; the country now in honor of her majesty, Virginia.

His servants spread a long mat on which he sat down; and, at the other end of the mat, four others of his company did the like. The rest of his men stood round about him, somewhat afar off. When we came to the shore to him with our weapons, he never moved from his place, nor never mistrusted any harm to be offered from us; but beckoned us to come and sit by him, which we performed.

And being sat, he made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and his breast, and afterward on ours, to show we were all one; smiling and making show, the best he could, of

all love and familiarity. After he had made a long speech unto us, we presented him with divers things, which he received most joyfully and thankfully. None of the company durst speak one word all the time. Only the four which were at the other end spake one in the other's ear very softly.

The king is greatly obeyed, and his brother and children revered. The king himself was, at our being there, sore wounded in a fight which he had with the king of the next country. By reason whereof, and for that he lay at the chief town of the country, six days' journey off, we saw him not at all.

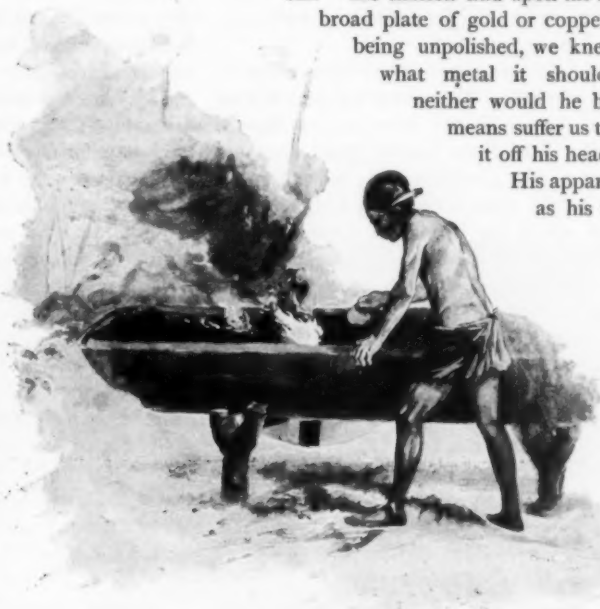
After we had presented his brother with such things as we thought he liked, we likewise gave somewhat to the others that sat with him on the mat. But he arose, and took all from them, and put it into his basket, making signs that all ought to be delivered unto him, and the rest were but his servants and followers.

A day or two after this, we fell to trading with them, exchanging some things that we had for various kinds of pelts and skins. When we showed him our packet of merchandise, of all things that he saw, a bright tin dish most pleased him, which he presently took up, and clapt it before his breast, and after, made a hole in the brim thereof, and hung it about his neck, making signs that it would defend him against his enemy's arrows. We exchanged our tin dish for twenty skins, worth twenty crowns, and a copper kettle for fifty skins.

They offered us good exchange for our hatchets, and axes, and for knives, and would have given anything for swords, but we would not part with any.

After two or three days the king's brother came on board the ship, and brought his wife with him, his daughter, and two or three children. His wife was very well favored, of mean stature, and very bashful. She had on her back a long cloak of leather, with the fur side next to her body; and before her a piece of the same. About her forehead she had a piece of white coral, and so had her husband. In her ears she had bracelets of pearls (whereof we delivered your worship a little bracelet). And those were of the bigness of good pease. The rest of her women, of the better sort, had pendants of copper hanging in either ear. And some of the children of the king's brother, and other noblemen, had five or six in either ear. He himself had upon his head a broad plate of gold or copper; for, being unpolished, we knew not what metal it should be; neither would he by any means suffer us to take it off his head.

His apparel was
as his wife's;



"AND WHEN IT HATH BURNED IT HOLLOW, THEY CUT OUT THE COAL WITH THEIR SHELLS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

only the women wear their hair long on both sides and the men only on one. They are of a color yellowish, and their hair black for the most part; and yet we saw children that had very fine auburn and chestnut-colored hair.

After these women had been there, there came from all parts great store of people, bring-

ing with them leather, coral, divers kinds of dyes, and exchanged with us.

But when Granganimeo, the king's brother, was present none durst trade but himself, except such as wear red pieces of copper on their head, like himself. For that is the difference between noblemen and governors of countries, and the meanest sort. And we noted that no people in the world carry more respect to their king, nobles, and governors than these do. The king's brother's wife was followed with forty or fifty women always, and when she came into the ship she left them all on land saving her two daughters, and one or two more. The king's brother always kept this order: as many boats as he would come withal to the ships, so many fires would he make on the shore afar off; to the end we might understand with what company he approached.

Their boats are made of one tree, either of pine or of pitch. They have no edged tools to make them. If they have any of these it seems they had them twenty years since out of a wreck of a Christian ship, whereof none of the people were saved; but only the ship or some part of her being cast upon the sand; out of whose sides they drew the nails and the spikes, and with those they made their best instruments.

The manner of making their boats is thus: they burn down some great tree, or take such as are windfallen; and, putting gum and rosin upon one side thereof, they set fire to it. And, when it hath burned it hollow, they cut out the coal with their shells. Ever when they would burn it deeper or wider, they lay on gums which burn away the timber. And by this means they fashion very fine boats, and such as will transport twenty men. Their oars are like scoops.

The king's brother had great liking of our armor, a sword and divers other things we had, and offered to lay a great box of pearls in gage for them. But we refused it for this time, because we would not let them know that we esteemed thereof, until we had understood in what places of the country the pearls grew.

He was very just of his promise. For many times we delivered him merchandise upon his word; but ever he came within the day, and performed his promise.

He sent us every day a brace or two of fat bucks, conies, hares, fish; the best of the world. He sent us divers kinds of fruits, melons, walnuts, cucumbers, gourdes, pease, and divers roots; and of their country corn, which is very white, fair, and well tasted, and groweth three times in five months.

After they had been divers times aboard our ships, myself, with seven more, went twenty miles into the river. And the following evening we came to an island which they call Roanoke.

At the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of cedar, and fortified round about with sharp trees, to keep out their enemies; and the entrance into it made like a turnpike, very artificially. When we came towards it the wife of Granganimeo came running out to meet us, very cheerfully and friendly. Her husband was not then in the village. Some of her people she commanded to draw our boats on shore. Others she appointed to carry us on their backs to the dry ground; and others to bring our oars into the house, for fear of stealing.

When we were come into the outer room (having five rooms in her house), she caused us to sit down by a great fire. And she herself took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could; making great haste to dress some meat for us to eat.

Then she brought us into the inner room.

She set on the board, standing along the house, some wheat, sodden* venison, and roasted; fish sodden, boiled, and roasted; melons raw; and sodden roots of divers kinds, and divers fruits. Their drink is commonly water; but, while the grape lasteth, they drink wine. But it is sodden, with ginger in it, and black cinnamon, and sometimes sassafras, and divers other wholesome and medicinal herbs.

We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bounty as they could possibly devise.

We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age.

The people only care how to defend themselves from the cold in their short winter. Their meat is very well sodden, and they make broth sweet and savory. Their vessels are earthen pots, and their dishes are wooden platters.

* Boiled, or soaked and softened.

While we were at our meat there came in at the gate two or three men with their bows and arrows from hunting. Whom, when we espied, we began to look one toward another, and offered to reach our weapons.

But as soon as she espied our mistrust, she was very much moved, and caused some of her men to run out and take away their bows and arrows and break them, and withal beat the poor fellows out of the gate again.

When we departed in the evening, and would not tarry all night, she was very sorry, and gave us into our boat our supper half dressed, pots and all; and brought us to our boat side, in which we lay all night, removing the same a pretty distance from the shore. She, perceiving our jealousy, was much grieved, and sent divers men and thirty women to sit all night on the bank side by us; and sent us into our boats fine mats to cover us from the rain, using very many words to entreat us to rest in their houses.

But because we were few men, and, if we had been lost, the voyage had been in very great danger, we durst not adventure anything; although there was no cause of doubt. For a more kind and loving people there cannot be found, as far as we have hitherto had trial.

Thus, Sir, we have acquainted you with the particulars of our discovery, made this present voyage. And, so contenting ourselves with this service at this time, which we hope hereafter to enlarge, as occasion and assistance shall be given, we resolved to leave the country.

Which we did accordingly, and arrived in the west of England about the midst of September.

Master PHILIP ARMADAS,
Master ARTHUR BARLOW,
Captains.

We brought home, also, two of the savages; men whose names were Wanchese and Manteo.



THE CHILDREN'S SUNNY BACK PORCH.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

NEXT month, my sunny ones, you'll be shouting "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"—a capital and most stirring sentiment, no doubt; but what say you to giving a rousing cheer to-day, my hearties, for June—June, the month of Roses!—the month that brings sweet "vacation-times" to restless school-boys and school-girls, and to weary teachers—not to mention a few other good folk scattered here and there over the country.

"All right?" I knew you'd say so. Well, then, boys and girls, THREE CHEERS FOR JUNE! *Hip, hip, hurrah!*

Good! Now we'll settle down to a quiet life. First you shall hear a good story which comes from our honored friend, J. A. D.:

A PARDONED THIEF.

THE boys on a farm missed apples from a choice tree. Though the tree was carefully watched, the fruit steadily disappeared, and no one knew how.

One day, when the other boys had gone to dinner, and John had been detained in a field separated by a hill from the favorite apple-tree, he heard the tree shake and its fruit fall. The air was still. Somebody evidently had shaken the tree. Mr. Thief had taken advantage of the dinner-hour, and was at work! Running swiftly but quietly to the top of the hill, the lad was amazed to find no human being in sight. The thief could not have escaped, and there was no place to hide; but where was he? There was no doubt that he had been there, and had shaken the tree; for some of the apples, fresh fallen, lay on the ground, and "Jim," the favorite horse, was eating them!

While the bewildered boy remained on the hill-top quietly looking all around for the thief, Jim ate the last apple and searched in vain for more. When he failed to find any, he walked to the tree, bent his fore legs as he pressed his shoulder

against it, and, rising suddenly, gave the tree a severe shaking. Several apples fell; Jim swallowed them quickly, and looked about for more.

The thief had been found. When the lad shouted, Jim looked toward the hilltop in surprise, and then ran away, as if he knew that he had been caught stealing.

HAPPY Jim,—not to know any better! I shall never believe "he knew that he had been caught stealing." On the contrary, I think he probably was a very modest horse, and ran away so as not to hear himself complimented for his good taste and ingenuity.

Here is another pleasant anecdote from J. A. D.:

A BLUNDER SOMEWHERE.

IN the autumn of 1876, when old and young were celebrating the National Centennial, a venerable minister in New Jersey celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as pastor of a single church. The house of worship was elaborately decorated, and over the pulpit in floral letters "Semi-centennial" told the meaning of the celebration.

In the crowd filling the house of worship was Bert, the pastor's grandson. The little fellow occupied a front seat beside his aunt, and spent most of the time during service in studying the decorations. At the close he said to his aunt:

"What makes grandpa such a poor speller?"

"Why, is he?" was the response.

"Yes; just read his spelling back of the pulpit."

"What is wrong in that, Bertie?"

"Can't you see? He spells 'See My Centennial' 'S-e M-i C-e-n-t-e-n-n-i-a-l.' Two words out of three are wrong."

BIG BUBBLES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: A certain learned professor, in the course of a scientific lecture, not long ago, told his young hearers how to blow mammoth soap-bubbles. His directions were: First get a lamp-chimney (one that is straight up and down); dip one end into a solution of soap and water, until a flat disk of film covers the end; blow gently till the bubble is formed; then remove the chimney about two inches from the lips, and continue blowing gently. The professor advised his class, in trying this experiment, to add a little glycerin to the soap and water. Perhaps some of your boys and girls will follow these directions, and report results.

Yours truly, E. M. C.

ABOUT SPIDERS.

HERE come a couple of true stories about spiders. They—picture and all—are ready made for you by our friend and close observer, Mr. Nugent. But if you watch the busy and wonderful little creatures carefully, during this brand-new summer, you will find out for yourselves many another true example of their shrewd and skilful ways.

A SILKEN BUOY.

DEAR JACK: I think spiders are the brightest creatures of the insect world. What other insects roam on land, travel through the air, walk and sail on the water, and

even make diving-bells for themselves so as to live under water?

Look at the feats they accomplish as engineers and architects. They are both house-builders and bridge-builders who can build anywhere. When difficulties present themselves, the spider usually overcomes them in so masterful and artistic a manner as to win admiration from human beings.

If, in making a bridge from one tree to another, the branches interfere with the free passage of their lines, they lower themselves—in a cradle made for this purpose—until the way is clear. Then the line is spun out and the wind kindly carries it across for them. The wind and the spider are in partnership when a bridge is to be built. The spider furnishes from his own body the silken strand and fastens his end of it; the wind takes the other end and carries it perhaps across a stream, perhaps across a road, thirty or forty feet wide.

If by chance a spider falls into the water far from land, it is sure to find some clever way of reaching shore. The spider may walk on the water, or, if there is a breeze, he may sail ashore. If he happens to find something floating, he will make a life-boat of it. It does not take long to cover the floating straw, or seed, or whatever it may be, with net, and thereby make of it a beautiful silken raft.

I send you a drawing showing a spider which was dropped into the water, near the silken ball of a cocoon. The spider at once threw strands around the ball and attached herself to it. Lazily and gently the silken buoy bobbed across the surface of the water, and, with the wind's help, cocoon and spider were soon safe ashore.

Yours truly, MEREDITH NUGENT.

A CURIOUS NIGHTCAP.

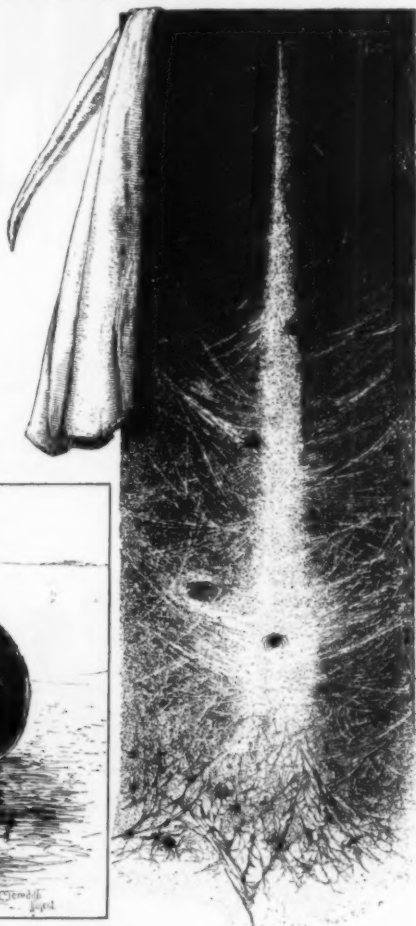
DEAR JACK: Did you ever hear of spiders making nightcaps? Well, they do; and I saw one in the British Museum which had been made by them. A nice large nightcap it was too, being nearly four feet long.

As you might perhaps suppose, it came from that place where so many queer things come from—the Fiji

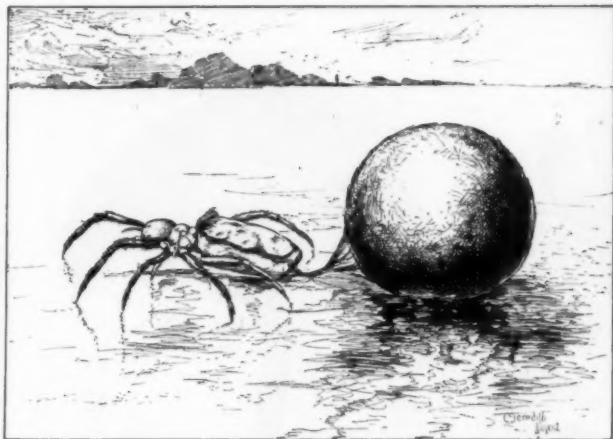
I send you a drawing of the only specimen I ever saw. When one of the museum professors took the nightcap out of the case for me, I noticed the thickness of the material; it must have been nearly an inch thick, and yet the cap was so light it hardly seemed to have any weight. But what can a Fiji Islander want with a nightcap from three to four feet in length?

I peeped into it, hoping to see some of the original framework, but even when the professor partially turned the cap inside out we found nothing of the framework whatever.

In color the cap was a dingy gray; originally it had been of a beautiful light-golden hue. Attached to it was a card saying that it had been presented to the museum by Miss Gordon-Cumming, and I hoped



SPIDERS MAKING THE NIGHTCAP.



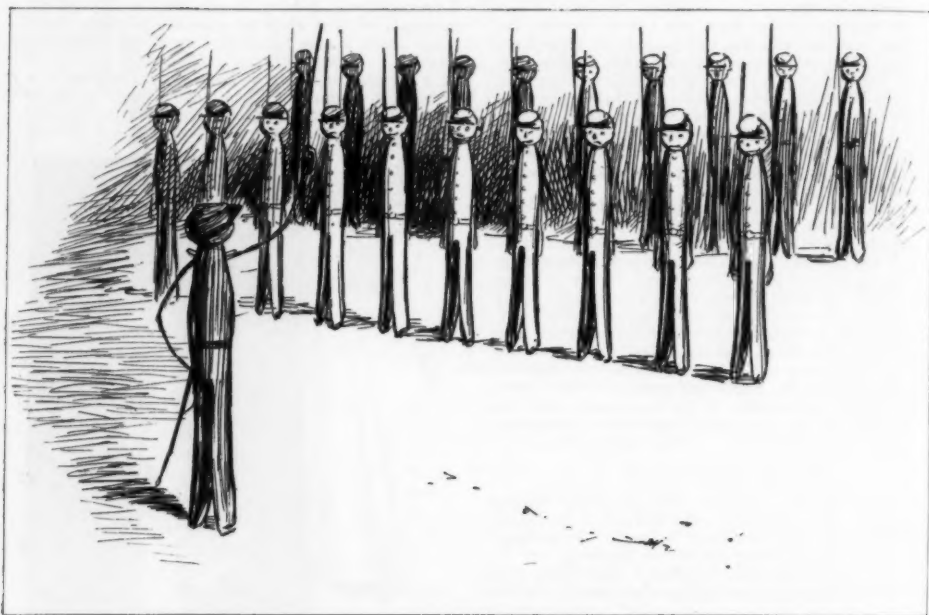
THE SILKEN BUOY.

Islands. When a native wants a nightcap, all he has to do is to make a light framework, and place it in a dark corner where spiders are plentiful. These accommodating little creatures will then completely cover the framework with beautiful silk, and make for the native a nightcap of which he may well be proud.

I might find an account of it in some of the many interesting books that lady has written. In a hurried search, however, I found neither text nor illustration referring to it, and this leads me to believe that perhaps the drawing I send you is the first that has ever been published of this interesting nightcap. M. N.

INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

By P. NEWELL.



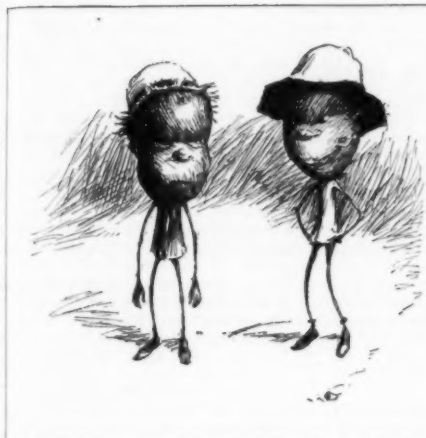
AFTER MONDAY'S WORK THE CLOTHES-PIN SQUAD ALWAYS REQUIRES THE ROLL-CALL AND ANOTHER DRILL.



MR. PILL-BOX: "Well, well!—what next? I've seen cork legs before, but never a cork head!"

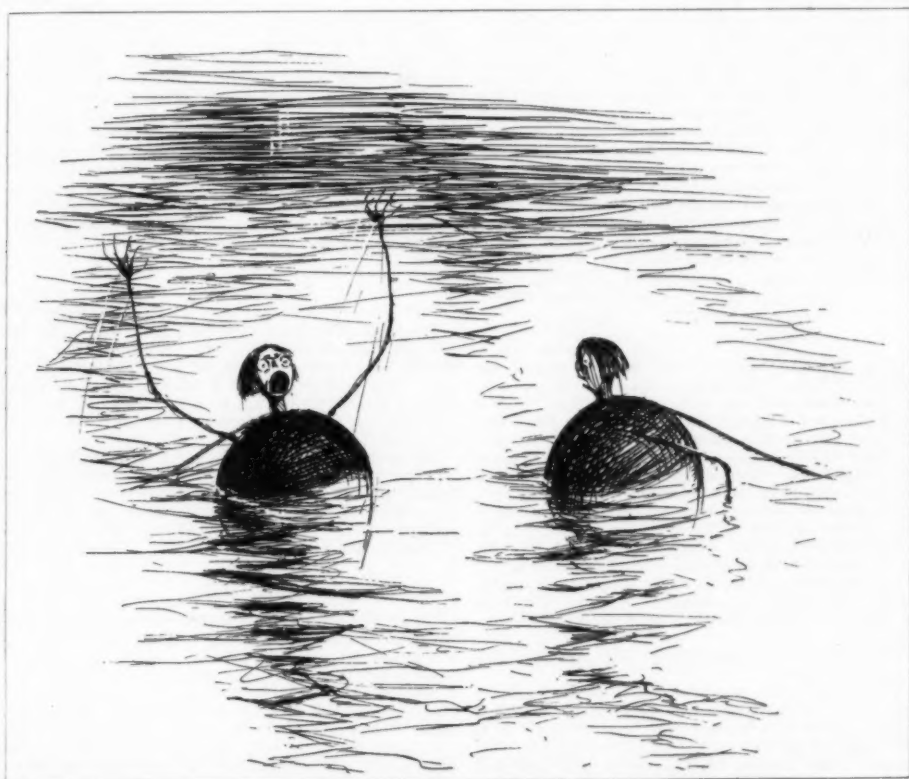


Miss Incandescent Light thinks no part of the day is so delightful as the evening. As soon as it begins to grow dark her face lightens up.



HAPPY POTATO: "I say, this is ever so much jollier than living underground, is n't it?"
DOLEFUL POTATO: "I don't see it."
HAPPY POTATO: "Of course not—why don't you use your eyes as I do?"

YOUNG BUTTON-HOOK STARTS A NEW ENTERPRISE.



PROBABLY A FISH: 1ST BOB: "What ails you?—got the cramp?" 2D BOB: "O-o-o! Something 's got me by the toe!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl at the Children's Hospital, and I thought I would tell you about the exhibition a kind magician gave us here.

They brought all the children into our ward, and all that were able to be up were up, and all that were in bed were brought in. We had all the beds moved, and the chairs, and a number of people came to see him play. The first thing he did was to shuffle cards. Then he borrowed a lady's handkerchief, and gave it to one of the boys, and told him to roll it up. Then he asked him to open it, and when he did so, it was all in pieces; and then he told him to roll it up again, and then he asked him to give him a small piece, and when he opened it, it was all in a long piece. Then he took a lemon from a boy's mouth, and when he opened it, the handkerchief was in it. Then he put the handkerchief on a plate, and set it on fire, and took a piece of paper, and put it on the fire, and put it out. Then he took dollars out of our hair, and from our sleeves. Then he asked a man to lend him his hat, and he hit the hat, and two rabbits were in it. Then he brought in some candy in a bowl, and gave us all some of the candy. Then he took a stick and wound shavings out of the bowl, and out of the shavings flew a live duck. Then he brought two glasses in, and in one was a blue handkerchief, and in one was a red handkerchief and an egg. A colored boy had the blue, and Professor had the red. He shook his glass, and the egg went over into the other glass, and the handkerchiefs changed places. We children enjoyed it very much, for which we thanked him. We will never forget him.

NETTIE PRECHT.

(Ten years old.)

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was born on one of the Sandwich Islands. The island of Hawaii is the one, and the town in which I was born is called Hilo. It is a lovely place, and I lived there until I was six years old. The large volcano is on Hawaii. When I was one year old, there was an eruption, and the lava came within a mile of our house. A good many people packed up their things to come away, but we did not.

It is warm the whole year round there, and bathing is fine. There are lots of kinds of fruit there, but, of course, they are different from what they are here. Almost everybody rode horseback when I lived there.

We came from the islands to San Francisco in a sailing vessel, and were just a month on the way. I enjoyed the water very much, and was almost sorry to leave the ship.

We have lived in Santa Barbara five years, and like the place very much.

A short time ago, a party went up to Seven Falls. I was one of the party, and we had a lovely time. We took our lunch with us, and were gone all day. It is quite a jaunt to get there, as the trail is very steep in some places. There are lots of lovely ferns there now, and there were a great many when we went. We came home well laden with lace-ferns, gold-backed ferns, and other

varieties. There is a lovely stream in the cañon, and the sides of it in some places were covered with maidenhair ferns.

My aunt Mary sends you to me, and I enjoy you ever and ever so much. I am interested in "Polly Oliver," for the story said her home was Santa Barbara.

Your delighted reader,

MARY D. K.—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following names of five United States senators contain all the letters of the alphabet: Nathan F. Dixon, Zebulon B. Vance, James Henderson Kyle, W. A. Pepper, Roger Q. Mills.

Your sincere reader,

GEO. S. S.—.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and have taken you for two years. Last Saturday papa and I went all through the Cramps' shipyard. We went all over the "New York" and the "Columbia," or "Pirate," as she is called, because she is intended to destroy the enemy's commerce, and not to do any heavy fighting. The Pirate will be the fastest war-vessel afloat when she is done. We also saw the hull of the "Minneapolis" (which is a sister ship to the Pirate), and of the "Indiana" and "Massachusetts," which are sister ships intended for very heavy fighting. The contract price of the New York will be \$2,985,000, of the Columbia, \$2,725,000, and of the Indiana, \$3,063,000. I am your interested reader,

LEWIS B.—.

WAPPOOLAH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your paper for five years, since I was a year old. My cousin is writing this for me. I am anxious to tell you about "Billy," the goat. My brother Joe and I drive him, and he rears up, and if you pull his tail he will run away. Joe can ride him, but he is much too wild for me. We have a mule called "Anniemule."

My mother's name is Fannie, and I am called Panchita, and that means "Little Fannie." We live on a rice-plantation, and have a good time. Mulberry Castle is four miles from here, and was built in 1714, and there are cannons at the corners of the building. Billy joins me in good wishes to all the children.

PANCHITA.

MORGAN STATION, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. Yesterday I was walking along with my dog, "Jack," in our cañon. I soon got tired of walking, and climbed upon a rock to sit down, and Jack gave me a push and I fell down in the cacti. I started to run home, and stumbled and fell in a lot of thistles; so when I got home I was in a pretty bad state. I had to take off my clothes and go to bed. A kind friend in Florida has sent you to me for almost a year; my sister has taken you for four years. Please don't forget you have a loving friend and reader,

WALTER B.—.

VENICE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about the lovely times we are having. We have not been in Venice long, but what I have seen is so funny.

When we arrived at the station, I thought we would get into a cab, but when we came out on a platform, we saw below us water instead of a street, and black gondolas instead of cabs. There were men at each end of the boats, some dressed in blue with long red scarfs. They stand up to row.

The boats look like graceful black swans. The Grand Canal is very wide, and the side ones very narrow, and in these it is hard for the boats to pass each other.

From our windows we watch the great ocean-steamers passing, and also the little steamboats, which are the street-cars of Venice.

We go every morning in front of the Cathedral, where there are hundreds of pigeons, and if you buy corn from the men there, the pigeons will rest, many at a time, on your arm and take corn. Once I had six on my arms, and I saw one man with them on his hat. When we were at Pisa, we saw the leaning tower; it leans fourteen feet out of the right way, and another strange sight was a woman letting down a basket out of the third-story window for the mail, and the postman put the letters into it, and she drew it up again.

I am your devoted reader, ALICE H.—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters from California, I thought I would write one. I enjoy your delightful magazine very much, and look forward to its coming every month. We live at North Beach, and from our windows can be seen the San Francisco Bay. Papa is the captain of the pilot-boat "Bonita," and we often go on little excursions around the bay. West is the Pacific Ocean, and on the beach is situated a building called the Cliff House. From there can be seen seal-rocks, and it is fun to see the big lazy sea-lions slide off into the water. It is sometimes very rough around there, and once a big black fin-whale was nearly stranded on the beach. California is a very beautiful State, I think, as there are flowers all the year round, and the orchards and grain-fields are very extensive. The scenery is beautiful. I often wish we had more snow in San Francisco, for we have had it only four times since I was born. I think "Juan and Juanita" is a beautiful story, and I like the "White Cave" and "Polly Oliver's Problem" very much. Your interested reader,

NORMA L. C.—

HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Halifax is a garrison town, and is chiefly noted for its fine public gardens, where the military band plays once a week during the summer months, and is enjoyed by a great many people. We have a fine park and many beautiful and interesting drives outside the city. One of the nicest walks is around the top of Citadel Hill. You have a view of the whole city and harbor, which is called one of the finest in the world. On a clear day you can look away out to sea. Quite a number of American tourists come here in the hot months to enjoy our cool sea-breezes, fishing, and boating. They think we are very slow, and our city so old-fashioned; but mama, who has traveled a good deal, says there are worse places than Halifax. I have two sisters and one big brother. He lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., and tells me there are streets in that city called Pine-apple, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, and Cranberry.

We have a number of house-plants that we take great care of, and they reward us by blooming freely this year. I found a bud on my calla-lily early in January. It never

bloomed until April before, so I took great care of it, and tried to have it out by February 1, mama's birthday. She is an invalid, and I thought it would be a pleasant little surprise for her. I put boiling water in the saucer every day, and it came out lovely. Mama was quite pleased about it.

Your interested reader, M. F.—

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of reading you, and to-night I was trying to find you, but could not, for I think my little sister has taken you to bed with her, for she likes ST. NICHOLAS better than any other we take.

We have a new pet, which is a pup, an Irish setter, and he is very cute. The reason that we have him is, last summer we lost a very handsome Irish setter. We missed him so much that papa bought us this new one. You cannot imagine how much he looks like our old dog "Prince." We named our new dog "Prince," too.

I am only eleven years old, and always sit down when I get home from school and read you through.

Your faithful reader,
FLORENCE A. L.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls, ten and eleven years old, and are very good friends. It always is a source of great pleasure to us when your magazine arrives, and we look forward eagerly to the twenty-fifth of each month. We have taken you for a long while. "Lady Jane," "Sara Crewe," "Juan and Juanita," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" are our favorite stories. We think that these lines from Longfellow's "The Ladder of St. Augustine" are so pretty that we should like to see them in the "Letter-box," in order to make them known to your other readers:

"All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will—

"All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain."

Your devoted little readers,
HILDA J.—
ROSE W.—

SPRINGFIELD, ONT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have traveled a good deal. I have been to the Channel Islands; it is lovely there; Sark has some very pretty caves called the "Gouliot"; in Herm there is a beach of nothing but shells. We stayed in Guernsey most of the time. I have been to Brussels; the 6th of January is St. Nicholas's day, and all the children get their presents then instead of at Christmas. I have a little French card with the legend of St. Nicholas on it. I stayed at a little place in the south of England called Wilmington, where there is a very curious figure marked on the Downs. It is two hundred and forty feet high. The country people call it the "Giant"; half of it has been restored. It is supposed to have been done in the time of the ancient Britons, when Julius Caesar landed in England. In May my mother and I are going back to England, and I mean to take you for a long time, you are so interesting.

I remain your constant reader,
EDITH DE LISLE Q.—

GLOUCESTER COURT HOUSE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me as a Christmas present by a friend.

I am nearly twelve years old, and am devoted to reading. I must tell you something my little sister said yesterday. We took her to the dentist, and when she came back she was asked by her teacher what he did to her. She said that he "pulled out one and stuffed two teeth." She has the oddest ways of expressing herself. I will say good-by.

Your new reader,

ELIZABETH S. B. L.—.

MCKINNEY, TEXAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a small town called McKinney, Texas, and have no brothers or sisters, but I find great consolation in reading your delightful pages. I am in the sixth grade, and have been going to school nearly four years. My teacher is very kind to us.

Your devoted little reader,

MACK M.—.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just ten years old. I am going to tell you a little of my travels in Switzerland. At Zermatt we got up at four o'clock one morning, and the sun was just rising all rosy on the Matterhorn, while the village was dark as night. It was a beautiful sight. We took mules up to the G6rnergrat, which was a long pull, taking about five hours. From the top one could see ten or twelve great glaciers at his feet. The clouds rested soft and white just on the tiptop of the mountains, and looked like eider-down. The Matterhorn rises above all the mountains; there is a sharp point which seems to touch the sky. Staying at the top long enough to rest and enjoy the lovely picture, also to get a drink of milk, which they had to sell in a little shed built up there for the purpose, we came down on foot, it being too steep to ride. The little shops in the village are very curious, and have queer things for sale.

From Zermatt we went to Chamounix. Mont Blanc does not seem very high, although, as you know, it is the highest mountain in Europe. We went over the Mer de Glace; there are some very deep crevasses in this glacier, which you can look away down into. On the other side of the Mer de Glace we reached the Mauvais Pass, which in some places makes one dizzy, it is so dreadfully steep down the solid side of a rock, with the glacier and crevasses at the bottom. There was an iron railing to hold on by so that one may not fall down the precipice.

After leaving this we reached the Chapeau, which is called by this name because it is a big rock shaped like a hat with a vizor. At this place was a little shop where one could buy souvenirs. We met our mules and rode back to the hotel. From your devoted reader,

FRANK G. M.—, Jr.

MONTTELL, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My good aunty gave you to me for a Christmas present. I enjoy you so much. I live at the foot of Shoe Peg Mountain, on the Newacet River,

in rather a wild country, where there is plenty of wild animals, such as bear, panther cats, and foxes. They catch our sheep a good deal. I go to school about two miles from here, and ride on horseback. I can shoot a gun and kill hawks and birds. I have some sheep. I have one that I work in my little wagon, and with him I plow in my garden. He eats corn and oats. We have sheep, cattle, horses, and hogs. I have a little black mare. I remain ever your loving friend,

J. R. B.—.

HOTEL FLORENCE, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and am ten years old now.

As this is a seaport town, we see a great many vessels here. There have been some men-of-war in here, and I have been on a good many of them. Last year there were more of our American men-of-war here, but this year there have been more English men-of-war. There was one very large English man-of-war in here this year; the name of it was the "Warspite." It was the English flag-ship.

I lived over at Coronado beach, at a hotel named Hotel del Coronado, for a year. It is the largest hotel in America. They have a beautiful swimming-tank over at Coronado, and I learned to swim in it.

I remain your devoted reader, EMILY D.—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. We have taken you a long time. I read the story "Two Girls and a Boy," and found it very interesting. I live in Washington, and as the story said Mildred's house was in Washington, I took a walk to see if I could find it, and I think I found the right house, for it was very much like the description you gave. As we were not acquainted with the people who lived in that house, I could not go through it, as I would like to have done, and was very sorry I could not. Your little reader,

GRACE M.—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Joseph F., Valerie De K., Amy J., Winifred M. B., Bonnie B., Elizabeth H. M., Richard B. L., Ruth B. J., Louise H. B., John A. S., Jr., Cecilia Y., Madeline T., Eben S., Edith R. J., Harry and Fanny A., Frieda R., Beth M., Louise K., Bertha G. M., M. S. A. S., M. T. D., Gracie D., Lizzie P. C., Annie F. C., Irving C. N., Edith G. S., Marie M. G., Ida L. C., Agnes B. C., Mary M., Jessie H. C., Marguerite D., Gertrude J., Louise A. B., Grace V. H., May H., Harriet D. McK., B. D. J., H. M. S., Wallie B., Harry O., Margaret M., Annette I. T., Eva D., Sarah L., Mary M., Clara S., Amelia T. P., Courtenay D., Edith M. S., Anna B., Charles R. H., Laura A., Blanche I. G., Dorothy Van W., Ina, Nina, and Mina T., Florine K., Marjorie B. T., Rae M. R., Abby A. N., Grace A. K., Marie, Marjorie G. J., Arthur W., Gordon H. P., Edith C., G. G. W., Joseph S., Charlotte and Minna J., Mattie, Nellie R. M., Lawrence S., Emily S., Addison N. C., Mary F., M. C. F., Nannie R., Edna I. W., J. D. M., C. W. F., Ruth B., O. B., Anna M. F., Elbridge J., C. R.

XUM

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials name an author, and my finals a painter. Both were born in June.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Brittle. 2. Having symmetry and dignity. 3. Concerning. 4. Extreme joy or pleasure. 5. A small, monkey-like animal. 6. To surround entirely. 7. A long, cushioned seat. 8. A maritime province of China. 9. To pour in drop by drop. 10. Not the one or the other. 11. A large animal found in South Africa. 12. A title given in India to Europeans of rank. 13. A machine for shaping articles of wood or metal. 14. The act of pouring out. 15. A tribe of Indians native of Arizona.

L. W.

DOUBLE SQUARES.

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I. 1. THE weight by which precious stones are weighed. 2. To make satisfaction for. 3. A common bird. 4. Imbecile. 5. A dogma.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A measure of weight. 2. A kind of sorcery. 3. Nothing.

II. 1. The gathered and thrashed stalks of certain species of grain. 2. A distinct portion of a people. 3. A Dutch gold coin. 4. Helps. 5. A Russian measure of length.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. The chief nerve of a leaf. 2. A small fresh-water fish. 3. A wager.

"XELIS."

INTERSECTING WORDS.

1 . . . 5 . . . 3
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 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 4 . . . 6 . . . 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Annoys. 2. Pertaining to the humors. 3. Lamenting. 4. Fashionable. 5. To make wider. 6. Intoxicated. 7. A warrior.

From 1 to 2, a carpenter; from 3 to 4, navigators; from 5 to 6, a country of Europe.

H. W. E.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following geographical names have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell a name given to Baalbec.

1. A seaport town of Peru. 2. A great river of South Asia. 3. A seaport town of Morocco. 4. A city seventeen miles south of Tokio. 5. A Russian seaport city.

6. A group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean. 7. A country in the north of Africa. 8. The most elevated chain of mountains in the world. 9. An important river of Germany. 10. A large river of Quebec. 11. A city of the Netherlands. 12. The most populous city of Italy.

L. W.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



EACH of the nine pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated French dramatic author and founder of the French drama, who was born in June, 1606.

STAR PUZZLE.

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1. A LETTER. 2. An article. 3. Exhibited in a showy or ostentatious manner. 4. The universe. 5. Low hills of drifting sand. 6. Places in an upright position. 7. To pull or tear down. 8. In this manner. 9. A letter.

"ANN O'DYNE."

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owy
hills
To
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The Ship's Colors

